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THE ZULU WAR.

THE defeat of the head-quarter column of the troops operating against the Zulus is the heaviest disaster which has been incurred by an English force since the destruction of General ELPHINSTONE's army in the retreat from Cabul. The valiant resistance offered to overwhelming superiority of numbers might afford a melancholy consolation, if the heroism of the officers and men had not illustrated the strategical blunders which gave occasion to its display. If it is true that the enemy numbered twenty thousand men, the force which has been utterly crushed must have been dangerously weak. Lord CHELMSFORD's conjecture that the troops had been enticed away from the camp will no doubt hereafter receive further explanation. Rorke's Drift Fort, which seems to be the same place with the camp, was successfully defended by a handful of men, until it was relieved by Colonel GLYN with the remainder of the head-quarter column. For the present it must be assumed that the officer in command of the camp had been induced by a feint of the enemy to take the offensive, and that he unexpectedly found himself in the presence of the main Zulu army. It is useless to deplore a humiliating calamity which will probably have changed the whole character of the war. The English army has been compelled to recross the border; and the campaign will be suspended until the arrival of reinforcements from Mauritius or from home. In the meantime serious danger is apprehended in Natal and in Pondoland; and there can be no doubt that the confidence of the Zulus and of other Caffre tribes will be dangerously increased. As in the case of the loss of the army of Cabul, military failure will affect the general judgment of the policy of the war. Yet in one sense the Zulus have justified the declaration of war by proving that they are formidable enemies. The reasons assigned for the rupture were obviously fictitious; and those who objected to the war were sometimes inclined to deny the existence of a danger which now appears to have been underrated.

Sir BARTLE FRERE probably hoped, in the interest of humanity, as well as for more selfish reasons, that the war would be successful and short. In his declaration of war he announced, in language which has almost become a common form, that he was at war not with the Zulu nation, but with the KING alone. As the tribe had to suffer all the consequences of hostility, the distinction had little meaning. Lord LYTTON lately gave a similar explanation of his motives for invading Afghan territory; and his statement has been partially confirmed by the flight of the AMEREE and the submission of some border tribes. Even the German Government, in beginning the war with France, professed to have no quarrel except with the EMPEROR; and after the establishment of the Republic simple-minded French politicians were unable to understand why the siege of Paris and the occupation of the conquered provinces continued. In Zululand, as in Afghanistan, the native ruler has perhaps disaffected subjects who might have been inclined to take the part of the invader if he had proved himself the stronger. There is no other reason for professing special enmity to the KING. CETEWAYO has furnished no excuse for war except by representing and directing a military organization which was always alarming to his neighbours,

and which now proves itself unexpectedly formidable. He always professed friendship to the English until he was offended, and perhaps puzzled, by the annexation of the Transvaal. Before that event he had regarded the English authorities as his friends and allies, and he lately accepted the arbitration of the Natal Government in his frontier dispute with the Dutch settlers. The award is to a considerable extent a recognition of the justice of his claims; and there is no reason to doubt that he would have acquiesced in the result of the reference.

Public attention will now be concentrated on transactions which have hitherto attracted only a languid and intermittent curiosity. If the melancholy catastrophe announced in the late despatches could have been anticipated, either the war would have been postponed or greater care would have been taken to prove that it was urgently necessary. The formal exposition of the causes and objects of the war varied in some respects from the earlier document in which the HIGH COMMISSIONER had demanded redress; but, except in the omission of some trivial pretexts of quarrel, it was not more forcible or more convincing. It was apparently thought, on fuller consideration, that the detention of two sketching Englishmen for an hour and a half was not an adequate justification of war. Sir BARTLE FRERE also omitted in the declaration of war to mention the border award, perhaps because it was not unsatisfactory to the Zulu KING. The only offence of which he still formally complains is the seizure by a subordinate chief of two Zulu women who are supposed to have been afterwards put to death. Even in this case CETEWAYO was willing to pay damages; but he failed to comply with the HIGH COMMISSIONER's demand that he should surrender the perpetrators of the outrage for trial. It might have been thought that, if his offer was unsatisfactory, there was still room for negotiation. It must be difficult to ascertain whether the KING is so far absolute that he can with safety and in conformity with the national usages surrender a subordinate chief to be punished for an act which is probably not considered as a crime. If the women were accused of infidelity, it may perhaps have been a point of honour to inflict upon them the penalty of their misconduct. The real offence against the English Government was confined to a violation of territory which could scarcely have created an inconvenient precedent if it had been followed by payment of compensation; yet Sir BARTLE FRERE takes the opportunity, not merely to demand further satisfaction, but to insist on the harsh terms which he had already announced his intention of imposing. The war could only have been averted by the disbandment of the Zulu army, and on the more singular condition of a fundamental change in the local law of marriage. As the married men are not released from military service, it would seem that the removal of existing restrictions would have afforded no additional security for peace. Sir BARTLE FRERE's later Memorandum adds nothing to his Proclamation, if indeed it does not rather weaken its effect by reference to grievances of old date and to vague complaints of CETEWAYO's tyrannical despotism.

It has been customary from time immemorial to publish fictitious apologies for wars which may not always have been unjust. It is difficult to believe that Sir BARTLE FRERE would have engaged in a contest which may be costly and difficult without more solid reasons than

the recapture by their relatives of two female fugitives. The colonial opinion that war was necessary or expedient is not founded on grounds so transparently frivolous. It is difficult to understand why a document which was intended for the satisfaction of the HIGH COMMISSIONER'S countrymen in England, in South Africa should not have been more candid, and consequently more intelligible. The only admissible justification of the war would be the duty of providing for the public safety. The Zulu KING had a large army on the frontier of the Transvaal with no employment or purpose except the invasion of the province at some unknown time. The most plausible declarations of war in modern Europe have often been preceded by demands for the reduction of menacing armaments; and in some instances the combatant who has been the first to engage in war has been really acting on the defensive. CETEWATO would not have failed to understand a notice that he could not be allowed to menace the safety of the neighbouring colonies; and if savages have in a rudimentary form the understanding and feelings of civilized men, a practical and intelligible argument would have been less irritating than an artificial pretext. If the Zulu KING had consented to partial or complete disarmament, the proposed change in the Zulu marriage laws might well have been reserved for further negotiation. Colonial interests cannot be injuriously affected by institutions which tend to check the growth of the Zulu population.

Paradoxical transactions generally admit of explanation; and Sir BARTLE FRERE's character entitles him to provisional confidence. His case has still to be fully stated, although he has given CETEWATO all the information to which he deems him to be entitled. The Blue-book just published shows the caution and reluctance with which the Government at home accepted the conclusion at which he had arrived. There is little advantage in reverting to the original and indirect cause of the quarrel. Lord CARNARVON's annexation of the Transvaal has precipitated a collision which might perhaps have been in any case unavoidable. A principal object of the measure was to acquire control of the relations between the Transvaal and their savage neighbours. The Dutch farmers often gave provocation to the Zulus, and there can be no doubt that they sustained injuries in turn. Lord CARNARVON and Sir THEOPHILUS SHEPSTONE thought that an impartial authority would check encroachments on both sides. It had not been foreseen that the English Government, which had formerly maintained friendly relations with the Zulus, would command less confidence when its interests were identified with those of the Transvaal. CETEWATO's Spartan institutions had been regarded with toleration as long as he was friendly to the English in Natal, and while he refrained from actual invasion of the Transvaal. It is now impossible that he should employ his army against any but an English enemy. The advocates of annexation argue, not without reason, that even while the Transvaal Republic retained its independence a neighbouring State of European descent would not have allowed it to be crushed by savages. The Dutch had shown unexpected inability to defend themselves against a less formidable adversary, and if a Zulu war was inevitable, it might have been inconvenient to act in concert with independent allies. At present the war itself, in a sense, supersedes all inquiry into its causes. The tranquillity of the neighbouring provinces will undoubtedly be promoted by the dissolution of the Zulu army, which must be an ultimate result of the war, unless the enterprise which has begun so inauspiciously ends in total failure. International casuistry has not yet defined by any general formula the cases in which an offensive war is justifiable against a barbarous enemy who cannot be trusted. The time of the present war was chosen when there was a comparatively strong force in South Africa, and before the crops have been gathered. It was hoped that the enemy might be compelled to yield through inability to replenish his stores of weapons and provisions. It could not be foreseen that his wants would be largely supplied by the capture of an English convoy.

THE BEGINNING OF THE SESSION.

THE real work of the Session began on Thursday night, when the respective leaders of the two Houses of Parliament unfolded the list of measures which the Government intends to propose, and some of which it may hope

to carry. It was, however, impossible that home subjects should engross the attention of Parliament on the first night of its meeting for ordinary business. The disaster in South Africa was a topic of too absorbing an interest to be omitted, and the Ministry gave explanations of their South African policy, which were not meant to be complete, but which were sufficient for the purpose immediately in hand. It was satisfactory to learn that they had sent Lord CHELMSFORD all the reinforcements he asked for before the war began, and have now despatched with creditable promptitude a larger force than he anticipated would be necessary to retrieve the disaster he has experienced. What probably had more of novelty for their hearers was that the Ministerial speakers made it clear that the Home Government, far from seeking the war, had earnestly deprecated it. The papers showing the latest communications between the Cape and England have not as yet been printed; but, from the assertions of the representatives of the Cabinet, it would certainly appear probable that, if there had been telegraphic communication with the Cape, there would have been no war. It is Sir BARTLE FRERE and the colonists, and not the QUEEN'S Ministers, who are primarily responsible for the war, whether necessary or unnecessary. Now the Government has no choice but to place the resources of the Empire at the disposal of those who are engaged in carrying on the campaign. In precisely the same way, when communications between England and India were tedious and uncertain, the Court of Directors found themselves over and over again committed to wars of which they did not approve, but in which they found themselves involved by the zeal, the foresight, or the ambition of their distant subordinates. On the vexed subject of Turkey there was little to be said that was new on either side. The provisions of the Treaty of Berlin are being slowly carried out, and Lord BEACONSFIELD cannot be contradicted when he asserts that the postponement of Turkish reform is due, not to the SULTAN's want of will, but to his want of power. Lord HARTINGTON, on the other hand, took the opportunity of disavowing the absurd notion that a great English political party thinks that it would be possible or right to ignore or set aside a treaty made in the name of the nation. The real contest between the opposing parties is as to what shall be done when the treaty has been nominally executed. But it may be observed that every day the Government and the Opposition are coming nearer to an agreement on this head. We now hear nothing of the fulfilment of the expectations of those sanguine Turks of Lord SANDON's acquaintance who were enraptured with the thought that the English were coming. We hear nothing of guaranteeing loans to Turkey, which a short time ago Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE contemplated as a possibility. As to Cyprus, it is represented as susceptible of improvement, but as capable of itself finding the necessary funds for the task; and the controversy as to the harbour has dwindled into the assertion, which the evidence of experts may be taken to have established as true, that, if we ever chose to make a harbour there, we could make a fairly good one. The British Government, in short, will be satisfied when it has accomplished its main object of getting the Russians out of what remains of Turkey, and the British taxpayer will not be asked to incur new burdens in order to fortify Turkey or to renovate Cyprus. This is a very modest programme as compared with that which was put forward last summer, not so much by the Government as on its behalf; and it is not easy to see how it varies from that which the Opposition would pursue if it came into office.

The list of Ministerial measures contains all that it was expected to contain, and nothing of much importance that it was not expected to contain, all projects of dealing with an Irish University having been prudently abandoned. Two of the proposed measures are outside the field of political controversy. The portion of the Mutiny Bill which constitutes an army code has been the subject of an exhaustive consideration bestowed on it by a Select Committee; and while no one thinks for a moment of withdrawing the army from the annual control of Parliament, no one can deny that it is in the highest degree expedient that there should be a permanent code of military discipline. The consolidation of the Criminal Code is equally removed from the sphere of political controversy, and every one allows that a satisfactory Criminal Code would be a great national advantage. But although, as Lord HARTINGTON remarked, these Bills

are not so much Government Bills as Bills which it falls on the existing Government to conduct in their passage through Parliament, it is obvious that a very great part of the time which Parliament has at its disposal may be spent in carrying them. Irish members have taken the cause of the refractory soldiers under their special protection, and a code of permanent discipline will necessarily be exposed to their long and pertinacious criticism. Sir HENRY JAMES hinted, too, at what may prove a serious obstacle in the path of the Criminal Code. It is not the business of the framers of this Code to legislate. They have to state with accuracy the existing law. But part of the existing law is absurd or obsolete, and Parliament may hesitate to give what will seem a new sanction to provisions of which it disapproves. On the other hand, if it once begins to mend the Code, and to make it express, not what the law is, but what the law ought to be, the topics of animated and protracted discussion which will be suggested will be endless. Among the Government Bills which are really the creations of the Government the chief is perhaps the Bankruptcy Bill. This being in the hands of the CHANCELLOR will be begun in the House of Lords, and the criticisms it will there provoke may do much to clear up matters of controversy before the Bill reaches the Commons. Unless, however, the Bill as it finally leaves the Lords is generally recognized as the best Bill that can be hoped for, it will afford so ample a field for difference of opinion that to carry it through the Commons in the hurried hours of a closing Session will be a work of extreme difficulty. As the term for which the Railway Commission was created expires this year, it will be indispensable during the present Session to dispose of the many thorny questions raised by the existence, the composition, and the powers of that curious tribunal. The Government has also made up its mind, apart from the field of legislation, to raise and settle after its own plan the delicate and debatable issues involved in the adoption of new rules for the conduct of Parliamentary business, and in the payment of the cost of the Afghan war. The House of Commons is to begin its labours by determining its own procedure, and it is announced that India is to bear the whole cost of the war, but is to be aided by a temporary loan from England of two millions without interest. We have to add the Army and Navy Estimates, the Budget, and the questions which are sure to crop up when the period for the final execution of the Treaty of Berlin arrives, and it will readily appear that, even in what has been already enumerated, the Government has enough work for a very arduous Session.

But the measures mentioned above are a very small fraction of what the Government proposes. In all it has no less than eighteen Bills ready for the consideration of Parliament, if Parliament will but find the time or show the disposition to consider them. Of these it may be supposed that those which both leaders took the trouble to announce are considered by the Government as the most important. Those noticed by Lord BEACONSFIELD, as well as by Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, were a Summary Jurisdiction Bill, a County Boards Bill, our very old friend the Valuation Bill, a Grand Juror Bill for Ireland, and a Poor-law Bill for Scotland. As Lord BEACONSFIELD said in his ironical way, he would rejoice if, when the QUEEN closes the Session, all these measures had become law. But no one can hope that this source of legitimate pleasure will be granted him. Among the minor measures announced only in the House of Commons were a Corrupt Practices Bill and a Bill for regulating the national contribution to Public Loans. The first of these in view of an approaching election, and the second in view of the derangement of national finance caused by the increase of the floating debt, will probably be passed. All parties agree that they are matters as to which something must be done, and done soon. Then there is to be a measure about banks, from which all grand notions of remodelling our banking system are to be excluded, and which is to aim at nothing more than to give banks new facilities for limiting, if they wish, their liabilities. The only opposition that such a Bill will provoke will be that of theorists unacquainted with banking business, who will urge that their hobbies ought to be included in it. Lastly, there is ready for Parliament, if Parliament would like to see it, a Bill as to the liability of employers for the accidents befalling their workmen. This is a measure which the ATTORNEY-

GENERAL last Session promised to take into his own hands. But he now candidly owns that, when he came to carry out in detail his undertaking, he found that what he was asked to help in enacting was so absurd, so little needed, and so dangerous, that he handed the whole affair over to the HOME SECRETARY. A Bill on which the chief Law Officer has passed this anticipatory criticism is certainly a legislative blossom of very precarious promise. What the rest of the eighteen Bills may be about is equally unknown and immaterial. The prospect of an electioneering contest evidently looms before the eyes of the Government. If it is reproached with being ambitious and expensive, it will reply that it is not mixing itself up with the internal affairs of Turkey, that it does not wish to spend a penny of English money on Cyprus, and that it is not the Government, but the Opposition, that seeks to shift the burden of our Indian war from Indian to English shoulders. If it is reproached with the barrenness of its domestic legislation, it will triumphantly retort that the reproach is ludicrous when addressed to a Government which has eighteen Bills all ready by the beginning of a Session.

GERMANY.

THE opening of the Session of the German Parliament was graced by the attendance of the EMPEROR in person, who appeared before the deputies for the first time after his dangers and illness. This appeal to the loyalty of Germany received a cordial answer, and the Parliament gave an adequate expression to the affectionate interest with which the country regards an old man who has always tried to do his duty, and has lately suffered in its discharge. In his Speech the EMPEROR took an opportunity of thanking his son for his recent management of affairs; and such a recognition of the merits of the CROWN PRINCE could not have come from any one in a lower position than his father. The great pleasure with which he stated himself to have watched the efforts of the Parliament to repress Socialism was also, no doubt, a manifestation of personal feeling. But the rest of the Speech could scarcely have been different had it come from the lips of Prince BISMARCK. Some topics of foreign policy were touched on, but the bulk of the Speech referred to home affairs. Germany will do her best to carry out the Berlin Treaty, and to see it carried out. Regrets were expressed at the spread of the plague in Russia and at the stringent measures of precaution which have been adopted by Germany to secure herself against contagion. At the earliest possible moment all new barriers between two nations which ought to be on the most friendly footing with each other will be removed. Some slightly greater interest was probably felt by his audience in what the EMPEROR had to say as to the alteration of the Treaty of Prague. The fifth article, by which the prospect was held out of a retrocession of a part of North Schleswig to Denmark in conformity with a popular vote, was exclusively the invention of France, and was inserted in a convention between Austria and Prussia to please the Emperor NAPOLEON. No one in France now cares for an article which had never anything to do with French interests, and Austria had no motive or power to enforce it. If Prince BISMARCK thought it worth while to have the article abrogated, there was no one interested in refusing his wishes. The only curiosity that could be felt was as to the reason that would be alleged for now formally putting an end to the article. It appears that Prince BISMARCK professes himself tired of negotiating with Denmark on the subject of North Schleswig. These negotiations have been entirely fruitless, and they could not possibly be otherwise, as Prince BISMARCK never had the remotest intention of letting territory he had once acquired slip out of his fingers. Decency, however, compelled him to go through the wearisome farce of discussing with Denmark whether the fifth article of the Treaty of Prague might not possibly mean something. The farce has now got wearisome, and Prince BISMARCK is too much bored with it to let it go on. This, at least, is the light in which he likes to put this small matter before the world. No change of policy is to be gathered from it, no new intricacy of alliance with Austria, nor any special displeasure with Denmark. It is merely

that Prince BISMARCK, like the editor of a newspaper, has had enough of a particular correspondence, and intimates that letter-writing on the special subject must cease.

All doubt was removed by the Speech as to Prince BISMARCK's determination to restore or invent protective duties. The EMPEROR was made to say that he had not observed that the departure from the old system under which the Zollverein flourished had done any good to anyone. There is a deficit in the German Budget, and it is proposed that up to the 1st of April next the proportion of the deficit belonging to the previous period shall be made good by assessing the allied States in an augmented contribution. But the allied States do not by any means like these augmented contributions, and therefore, as a permanent measure, some other means of making good the deficit must be found. It must be assumed that Germany is not going to balance her Budget by reducing expenditure. She must, or thinks she must, have a very large army, and the cost of this army becomes yearly greater. Prince BISMARCK must have more money, and how is he to get it? Any temporary increase of revenue would give him no comfort, and the position of the Empire will always seem to him insecure unless it can reckon on having enough money for its needs, and unless this happy state of things is the result not of a casual vote, but of a recognized and unquestioned system of finance. After making several experiments in other directions, and having failed in them; after suggesting schemes for a tobacco monopoly and for a new duty on beer, and finding that Parliament would not entertain his projects, he has at last made up his mind that protective Custom duties are the only sources of increased revenue of which he can practically get hold. Probably Prince BISMARCK does not see any very great advantage in Free-trade. He and his master may be expressing their real sentiments when it is said that Germany got on very well before Free-trade was heard of, and can get on very well without it now. But the PRINCE does not rest his protectionist proposals on any theoretical basis. If it could be shown that they were in themselves bad, and he could be made to admit that in the long run they must diminish the national wealth, he would not the less insist on them. At any rate they will give him some money. He cannot get money in any other way, and money he must have.

The proposed Bill which has provoked by anticipation so much hostile criticism, and which is generally known as the Muzzling Bill, was referred to with so much cautious vagueness that until it is known in what shape it will be finally presented to Parliament, it is useless to conjecture how much opposition it will provoke. But it seems probable that it will not be the cause of any serious conflict. Its most objectionable clauses are said to have been removed during its passage through the Federal Council; and Prince BISMARCK is rumoured to have stated that he did not care whether it was passed or not, as its only object was to give Parliament proper powers, and if Parliament does not wish to have such powers, that is its business, and not his. The scheme of protectionist finance stands on a very different footing, and there is every appearance that Prince BISMARCK means to carry it; and that, if he really means this, he will succeed. If political economy is to be looked on as concerned with what men practically do in regard to wealth, and not only with what they ought to do if they wished to be as wealthy as possible, it may be taken as an axiom of political economy that great military expenditure leads to protective duties. Immediately after the German war, France largely increased its protective duties. Russia since its recent efforts is engaged in making its exaggerated system of protection still more extreme. Austria, Italy, and now Germany, are getting more and more protectionist as the burdens of their enormous armies press on them more severely. The reason for this is a most serious obstacle in the way of general Free-trade. It is serious precisely because it is a practical, not a theoretical, reason. The money, it is alleged, and apparently with truth, cannot be got in any other way. Nations will only stand a certain amount of rational taxation; and if more money is wanted, recourse is had to foolish taxation. The proper answer to Prince BISMARCK is not to show the advantages of Free-trade, but to suggest new taxes in harmony with Free-trade, and to express the readiness of Parliament to impose them. This is exactly what Prince BISMARCK calculates none of the leaders of the Free-

trade Opposition can or will do. He will propose a duty on iron and a duty on cereals; and the manufacturers, although they may dislike dear food, and the agriculturists, although they may dread dear tools and machinery, will vote with him rather than submit to new taxes which they altogether detest. The arguments, in short, by which the revival of protection is defended in the great military States of the Continent are very much the same as those by which the Governments of Italy and Spain defend the maintenance of lotteries. Moralists easily prove that lotteries are immoral; but these Governments assert that their taxpayers will pay money for lotteries which they would not pay for anything else. Morality retires shocked, but dumb, and Free-trade unhappily finds itself in something of the same position.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.

THE signature of the definitive treaty between Russia and Turkey is doubly reassuring, both as it removes immediate pretexts for a fresh rupture, and because it will be at once followed by the withdrawal of the Russian army. When the troops have once returned to their own country, the Russian Government will not, except for urgent motives, undertake a new invasion. Experience shows that financial difficulties are seldom allowed to interfere with the progress of a struggle which has once been commenced; but the late war of conquest would not have been undertaken if the depression which is its consequence had then existed. Less than a year has passed since the rapid advance of the Russian army towards the capital caused great and reasonable alarm. The fall of Constantinople was probably averted only by the entrance of the English fleet into the Sea of Marmora; and there was reason to fear a collision which must have been followed by immediate war between England and Russia. The danger would scarcely have arisen if the Turkish Government had not neglected to construct in proper time the works of defence which had been designed by English engineers; but at one time the SULTAN and his advisers seemed disposed to abandon further attempts at resistance. One of the Turkish Plenipotentiaries who were sent to negotiate an armistice with the Russian COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF published in the sympathetic columns of a London Liberal paper a statement that his Government had resolved to abandon the English alliance and to enter into cordial relations with Russia. The Treaty of San Stefano seemed to record the utter prostration of Turkey at the feet of an implacable enemy; but the firmness of the English Government allowed breathing time; and the Treaty of Berlin superseded the capitulation of San Stefano. At a later time the conduct of some high Russian functionaries appeared to indicate a purpose of disregarding the conclusions of the Congress; but after some vacillation the Emperor ALEXANDER finally resolved to comply with his engagements. The definitive treaty seems, as far as its terms are known, to be comparatively moderate, except in the enormous fine imposed on the defeated belligerent. Although there may perhaps be some secret understanding as to the mode of liquidating the debt, no immediate pressure for payment of compensation is put upon the Porte; and the clauses of the Treaty of San Stefano which were not confirmed at Berlin are expressly declared to be invalid. The treaty may perhaps contain phrases inserted for the purpose of giving colour to Russian interference in the internal affairs of Turkey; but the practical pretensions of the stronger Power would in any case have been limited only by opportunity and convenience.

There is no reason to doubt that the difficulties which impede the organization of East Roumelia will be overcome, though both Russians and Bulgarians derive encouragement from the language of the English Opposition. There is little probability of a change of Government before the date at which the Russian army of occupation must evacuate the province; and it is certain that Lord BEACONSFIELD and his colleagues will not abandon the main position which they defended at Berlin. Their assailants have the disadvantage of being forced to adopt the Russian arguments, with the additional objection, which could scarcely have been raised by the Russians themselves, that East Roumelia will afford facilities for future Russian intrigue. The Russian Plenipotentiaries at Berlin, who attached primary importance to the extension of the

territory of Bulgaria to the limits provided by the Treaty of San Stefano, can scarcely have agreed with Mr. GLADSTONE, Sir W. HARCOUET, and Lord HARTINGTON that the division of the province is specially advantageous to themselves. The object of securing to the SULTAN the defensible frontier of the Balkan was better understood by Count SCHOUVALOFF than by the English critics of the treaty. The final conclusion of a solid and permanent peace would not be promoted by a capricious change of policy. If Lord GRANVILLE and Lord HARTINGTON were in office, they would almost certainly feel that it was their duty to require the full execution of the treaty. It is possible that the enlargement of Bulgarian territory might have been innocuous; but the separate organization of East Roumelia under the sovereignty of the SULTAN is also compatible with the maintenance of peace. The Duke of ARGYLL indeed remarks that the English Plenipotentiary agreed at the Conference of Constantinople to the concession of administrative autonomy to the Bulgarians north and south of the Balkans; but the province was, according to the scheme of the Conference, to be divided into two Vilayets, and both were to remain subject to the SULTAN. Events are rapidly justifying Lord BEACONSFIELD's announcement three months ago that the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin would be strictly enforced. The districts which were to be ceded to Montenegro have already been transferred; and it only remains to create an administration in East Roumelia and to settle the frontier in Epirus and Thessaly. For some time past nothing has been heard of the disputes between Turkey and Austria with respect to Bosnia and Herzegovina. Before Midsummer the long and complicated controversy will have closed, to the embarrassment of politicians who hoped to keep the question open for use at the general election. A minor dispute between Russia and Roumania as to the delimitation of the frontier in the neighbourhood of Silestria will probably be settled to the disadvantage of the weaker litigant. Roumania forfeited by participation in an unjust war all claim to the good offices of England in the allocation of the spoils; but it is not altogether unsatisfactory that the alliance of the giant and the dwarf should produce analogous results to those of the fable. There is some reason to believe that the feelings of the Roumanian Government and people to their powerful patron are far from cordial.

After a time the unfriendly feelings which have been aroused both in England and Russia may probably subside. It is only for purposes of faction that hostility to Russia is affected as a claim to the favour of the English populace. And the Duke of ARGYLL, in his thoroughgoing apology for Russia, has not countenanced Mr. GLADSTONE's novel affectation of hostility to the most faultless and benevolent of European Powers. If Mr. GLADSTONE had been justified in the statement that Lord BEACONSFIELD's policy has tended to the aggrandizement of Russia, any supposed feeling of ill-will on the part of the English Government would have been forgiven in consideration of its results. It is, in fact, much easier to resume friendly relations with an antagonist who has made himself respected than with a helpless victim. The late conduct or inaction of the Russian Government during the Afghan war is a proof of deference, if not of friendship. The encroachments of a zealous functionary have been withdrawn and practically disavowed. If the position of the Russian Mission at Cabul had been only morally untenable, some excuse might perhaps have been found for its continuance; but the Russian Government was not disposed to undertake a conflict in Asia which would have been at the same time unjustifiable and hopeless. Asiatic potentates, large and small, are by this time convinced that, whatever may be the case in other parts of the world, the power of England preponderates on the frontier of India. Acquiescence in a Russian protectorate of Cabul could scarcely have failed to produce frequent causes of offence and eventual collision. The advance of the English army into the passes of Afghanistan has afforded a proof that contumacious chiefs must rely exclusively on their own resources. Opponents of the Indian policy of the Government contend that it would have been possible to secure the good-will of SHREVE, although he had for some years past lost no opportunity of displaying ill-will to the English Government.

Until the season allows the opening of a spring campaign it will not be known whether any extensive operations

will be necessary in Afghanistan. In any event considerable expense will have been incurred, and it will be incumbent on the Government to apportion the cost between the English and Indian treasuries. In Europe preparations for war are no longer required. On the departure of the Russian troops from Turkish territory the English fleet will be withdrawn, and the naval force in the Mediterranean may probably be reduced. There will be no immediate motive for strengthening the slender garrison of Cyprus; and if official statements may be trusted, the expense of civil administration will not exceed the revenues of the island. The estimates of next year ought to bear little trace of recent political disturbance; and consequently the party which hopes to obtain office at the next election will perhaps find it difficult to keep alive popular interest in foreign politics. Parliament will be disinclined to revive discussions which are now barren; and, having repeatedly expressed an opinion in favour of the Government, it will not be inclined to acknowledge that it has been in the wrong. Demonstrations that the settlement of Turkey as it was arranged at Berlin must lead to war and revolution will produce little impression when there is a probability of continued peace. The Afghan war, as long as it lasts, may perhaps furnish a more legitimate occasion of controversy; but, if it ends without disaster, the good fortune of the Government will render attacks on its Eastern policy comparatively harmless. Thus far, notwithstanding the sanguine predictions of its enemies, the Government has not, in Europe and Asia, conspicuously failed either in diplomacy or in war.

MR. W. H. SMITH ON THE DEPRESSION OF TRADE.

MR. W. H. SMITH rightly devoted a large part of his speech at the Westminster Conservative dinner to the present depression in commercial affairs. Although fortune has placed Mr. SMITH at the head of one of the great spending departments, the country does not forget his antecedents any more than he does himself; and it naturally regards him as a principal representative of the business element in a Cabinet in which the business element is not so strong as it might be. We expect Mr. SMITH to give us good ships and plenty of them; but we are not sorry when he trespasses a little on Lord SANDON's province, and says something in a leisure moment upon the state and prospects of English trade. It is the more expedient that he should do so because during the short Session before Christmas there seemed to be disposition on the part of one or two Ministers to treat the subject rather too lightly. It is only fair to say that the tone they took has to some extent been justified by the event. In the strict and technical sense of the word, the distress has not proved to be so great as was at first feared. There has been little or no call for exceptional measures of relief on a great scale. No large section of the community has been dependent on public or charitable aid. The experience gained in the Indian famine has not had to be drawn upon in order to keep hundreds or even tens of thousands from dying of starvation. Yet, for all that, the distress has been very general and, in many cases, very severe; and it has been largely felt among classes which have ordinarily been somewhat removed from it. It has not been of a kind or amount which demanded, or even admitted, Government intervention; but it has been, and still is, of a kind and amount which claims Ministerial sympathy. There may be truth in the assertion that the Opposition have made the most of the distress for party purposes; but those who are actually suffering under it naturally think that to make too much of it is a lesser evil than to make too little of it.

Mr. SMITH has not fallen into this error. He does not exaggerate the evil, but frankly admits that it exists. He does not seek to persuade the sufferers that they are not in a bad way; he contents himself with showing that when the distress comes to be traced to its origin it is neither mysterious nor likely to be lasting. In itself, of course, the assertion of a Minister that the policy of the Government to which he belongs is not the real cause of the ill results attributed to it is not specially convincing. But Mr. SMITH was able to quote a neutral authority in support of his position. "The truth is," say Messrs. ELLISON and Co., in their Report on textile manufactures, "that 'the harvest of bad things reaped between 1874 and 1878

"was sown between 1870 and 1873, before the scapegoat of political disquietude came into existence, and what is equally true is that the bad harvest would have had to be gathered even if no Russo-Turkish war had been made." The depression of 1878 was mainly the result of the immense and unreal prosperity of the years from 1870 to 1873. During that time the trade of the country was advancing, as we were repeatedly told in Budget speeches, "by leaps and bounds," and it was only to be expected that after a time these leaps should carry traders beyond the firm ground which, had they been prudent, they would have kept to. It was not that traders were wrong in availing themselves to the utmost of the immense opportunities offered to them; it is hardly a matter of choice to a man whether he shall do this or not. The error lay in the assumption that the advance would be continuous and permanent. The preparations made were not calculated on a scale which should simply meet each particular increase in the demand. They were such as were only justifiable on the hypothesis that the process, once started, would go on in almost geometrical progression. A period like this not merely supplies great opportunities for sound traders; it is equally rich in temptations for unsound traders. What over-production began, unsound financing completed. By 1874 the catastrophe was seen to be impending, and it was only made worse by the desperate efforts made to stave it off. The part which political disquietude has played in the matter is altogether subordinate, though we are not inclined to put it so low as Mr. SMITH or MESSRS. ELLISON do. An unfounded feeling that the distress had originated in the political circumstances of the time tempted traders, who had better have yielded to a catastrophe which they could not avert, to make desperate efforts to keep their heads above water until peace was assured. When peace was assured after a fashion, they found themselves just as badly off as before, and they then set up the still unsettled state of the East as an explanation of the bankruptcy to which they had after all to submit. Those who still hold that the political situation has had more than an incidental and auxiliary part in bringing about the present depression will do well to read the description of the state of things ten years ago which Mr. SHAW-LEFEVRE gave in his address to the Statistical Society last November. "The decade," he says, "began, as it has ended, 'in great complaints, in universal gloom, and in low prices and small profits.' A Report of a Committee of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce speaks of 1869 as a year of almost unparalleled disaster. The number of failures was enormous. Mill property fell to a third or fourth of its former value, and was even at times unsaleable. Millowners were driven to take subordinate situations or to emigrate in order to find a bare subsistence. Protection once more raised its head under the name of reciprocity, and even found expression in the House of Commons. With the exception of the last fact, this might serve equally well for a description of 1879, and yet the time to which it really applies was only separated by little more than a year from a period of unparalleled prosperity.

It would be rash to predict, and even to desire, the recurrence of a similar contrast. The prosperity of 1871 and the two following years was turned to such bad uses, and was made an occasion for so much reckless trading, as to suggest a doubt whether English manufacturers can bear good fortune with the calmness necessary to prevent its becoming a snare. But those who think that the prosperity of England is gone may fairly be reminded that the more complete the stagnation in any trade is, the more certain it is that a revival must come, and the nearer a revival is likely to be. The capital which was so recklessly destroyed or locked up in prosperous years grows again by degrees, and by the time that it is once more available for the supply of the world's wants, the world's wants will have grown up to meet it. If no one buys calico this year, it only means that everybody is using up the calico which he bought last year, and when once this process has been worked out, the want of more calico must make itself felt.

Mr. SMITH, perhaps wisely, prefers to take his consolations mainly from the present, and it must be acknowledged that the facts which he mentions do not suggest a wholly despairing view. It might be expected, for instance, that in a time of great and general destitution there would be a great diminution in the deposits in the Post-Office

Savings Bank. When a working man has managed to save a few pounds, he usually regards it as put by against a rainy day. As soon as that day has unmistakably come, the ordinary thing is to draw out enough of the money to tide him over the worst. According to this view, the working classes in the aggregate are still very far from being at the worst. In 1877 the deposits so far from growing smaller, were increased by 2,600,000; in 1878 they were increased by a further 1,300,000. During the present year this increase has been maintained in a very striking way. In the week ending the 18th of January the balance of deposits against withdrawals amounted to 88,000; in the following week the balance of deposits was 93,000; and in the week after that the deposits were more than double the withdrawals. This is a fact which, though it may not prove quite all that Mr. SMITH thinks, is still important. It shows that a very large number of persons belonging to the poorer classes have turned the present low prices to account, and have laid by the savings which they have been enabled to make in their expenditure. If the working classes were universally given to putting money into the Post Office Savings' Banks, it would be difficult to reconcile the distress that undoubtedly exists with this increased power of accumulation. The explanation is that, among skilled workmen at all events, the Savings' Bank is not a popular institution. They prefer the system of insurance against the chances of life which is afforded by Trades-Unions.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY.

THE new French Ministry have now settled comfortably into their places; and, when the very composite character of the Liberal majority is taken into account, they may be said to be more firmly seated in them than at first seemed likely. The opposition of the Extreme Left is rather an advantage than an injury; while the Opportunist Left appears inclined to view their policy with less disfavour than they showed to the same policy when it bore the name of M. DUFRAUDE. The best course that the Cabinet can take for its own interest is to keep the Chambers well supplied with fairly interesting measures. This may seem inconsistent with the still more imperative necessity of doing nothing to alarm the country. The contradiction, however, is easily explained. That the legislation effected at the instance of M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues ought not to be of at all a violent kind does not need proof. But the way to avoid violence is not to leave the Chambers unemployed. Even the august hands of a Senator or a deputy may itch to be at mischief if they are left idle, and any indolence on the part of the Ministry would be the signal for the introduction of Bills dealing in a far more drastic spirit with the subjects which ought to have found a place in the Ministerial programme. A Cabinet must be very weak if it cannot make a better thing of a Bill of which it is the author than of one which has been thrust upon it by others. There is sometimes a great deal in the choice of a framework. A measure can be made to look almost innocent by a judicious arrangement of its clauses. If Ministers were to wait until the Extreme Left formulated its demands in the shape of specific proposals, the burden of watering these proposals down to the proper limit of safety would fall upon themselves. If they anticipate the Left in introducing them, it is the Left that will show itself captious and unreasonable.

We do not in the least mean that M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues ought to bring in extreme measures in order to retain the support of the Advanced Left. Putting aside the principle of the thing, it would be the most shortsighted expedient possible. The Advanced Left have no real desire to see their own policy carried out by the hands of others; and if the present Cabinet were to attempt to conciliate them by a late and partial conversion, it would very soon discover that it was only kept in office until it had made itself sufficiently ridiculous to amuse the malice of the party waiting to supplant it. The motive with which the present Ministers should show themselves active in legislation is precisely the reverse of this. Instead of desiring to efface the distinction between themselves and the Extreme Left in the minds of the electors, they should rather seek to accentuate it. The immediate need in French politics is to give the moderate Republicans

a real Parliamentary representation. It is commonly believed that this section of opinion does in fact dominate the constituencies; that France is still what M. THIERS used to say that at heart she always would be—Left Centre; and that, if past elections have seemed to throw doubt on this fact, it is only because they have turned on issues in which the existence rather than the administration of the Republic was at stake. Looking only at the Chambers, it must be confessed that this picture seems hardly justified by facts. The party which is supposed to be so strong in the constituencies is exceedingly weak in the Legislature. Partly from the ability of its leaders, and partly perhaps from the suspicion that it would be impolitic to provoke an election which should turn wholly on the difference between Left and Left Centre, it has obtained a disproportionate share of Ministerial places. Properly used, this circumstance ought to be a very great advantage to the Left Centre. It gives it the means of strengthening whatever hold it has on the country, and consequently of preparing the way for obtaining a stronger hold on the Chambers. If the electors had now to determine whether M. WADDINGTON should remain in office or make way for a more Radical politician, they would have to frame their decision on strictly *à priori* principles. They might feel an abstract preference for moderate opinions, but they would have no materials for constructing a moderate programme. The present Cabinet has now an opportunity of providing them with these materials. It can let the country see what are the measures which it has determined to bring forward, and which, if it has the power, it intends to pass. It is essential, however, to the success of this process that, having decided on its measures, it should stand by them, at all events to the extent of not accepting Radical alterations from the Left. A Ministry which begins by being moderate because it wishes it, and ends by being extreme because other people wish it, would neither alarm its enemies nor give confidence to its friends. Nothing could better serve the purpose of the reactionary parties than the discovery that moderation was not to be had from a Republican Government. But moderation, like other good things, is not to be had by simply wishing for it. A Ministry which has made up its mind that certain measures ought to be carried, and that certain other measures ought to be rejected, will do well to give effect to its convictions, and to resign rather than acquiesce in the rejection of the former or in the passing of the latter. The effect of the resignation would, no doubt, be to put more extreme men in the temporary possession of office. But it would also give France what she greatly needs—a really Parliamentary Opposition; an Opposition, that is, which frankly accepts Republican institutions and seeks to administer them in the way it thinks best for the country. The formation of such an Opposition would inflict a decided check alike on the reactionary and the Radical parties. The reactionary party has derived considerable advantage from the arrogation to itself of the name Conservative. The Radical party has derived considerable advantage from its arrogation to itself of the name Republican. The real Conservatives, the men, that is, who desire to keep the Government pretty much what it is, and to secure to the country a long period of political and social tranquillity, have been thrown into the shade by one or other of these misleading assumptions. They have been confounded with the Radicals by men who are Conservatives first and Republicans afterwards. They have been confounded with the reactionists by men who are Republicans first and Conservatives afterwards. It should be the business of M. WADDINGTON and his colleagues to take care that there shall be no room for any similar confusion in future.

The first question with which the Cabinet has had to deal is one which has been complicated by the mistakes, perhaps the inevitable mistakes, of their predecessors. When the Commune was overthrown, the then Government fell into the error of needlessly multiplying political prisoners. Partly from the panic fear into which the country had been thrown by the insurrection, and partly from the rage and horror naturally excited by the incidents which accompanied its close, the reasonable and convenient practice of distinguishing between leaders and followers was departed from, and large numbers of persons were tried and punished whose crime really did not go much further than taking part in a street riot. The proper course to have taken would have been to in-

FLICT prompt and exemplary punishment upon the chiefs of the insurrection, especially those who had been concerned in the murder of the hostages, and to have included the undistinguished throng that had followed them, without being associated with the conception or execution of their crimes, in a common amnesty. Instead of this, the trials before the military tribunals went on year after year, until no purpose whatever was served by their continuation, except that of keeping alive a constant irritation in the class from which the prisoners were mostly taken. The demand for an amnesty has continually grown stronger, because the majority of those to whom it would apply have long ceased to be distinguished in the popular recollection from the men who have taken part in any other of the many insurrections of which Paris has been the theatre. This demand is at last to be conceded; but, when the Cabinet came to consider under what conditions it should be conceded, it was plain that public opinion would be disturbed rather than conciliated by any attempt to ignore the peculiar features of the Commune. Consequently the idea of an amnesty in the proper sense of the word was put aside, and a compromise adopted, by which those and those only are to be amnestied whom the PRESIDENT has already pardoned or shall pardon within the next three months. The area of clemency is also extended by the inclusion of persons condemned in their absence. The responsibility of distinguishing between those whose offence is political in its nature and those whose offence brings them within the scope of the ordinary criminal law, as well as of determining when the punishment already undergone by this latter class is adequate to their guilt, is thus thrown upon the Executive. It was plainly impossible to throw it upon the Legislature, and supposing that it is wisely exercised, the compromise seems to be the best which it was open to the Government to arrive at.

RAILWAY AND GAS PROPERTY.

WITH the exception of the Great Western and of the great Scotch railways, all the Companies have now issued their reports and announced their dividends. In several instances the shareholders have probably been agreeably surprised. One or two of the Companies give a slightly increased dividend; and the others either remain stationary or undergo a fractional loss. Before the publication of the reports, confidence had been so far restored that the market price of railway stock had in some degree recovered from extreme depression; but it had not been generally foreseen that the reduction of working expenses would almost compensate for a heavy falling off in traffic. The returns, as they are generally made up to the end of December, include a month of severe frost, which discourages passenger traffic. The goods traffic, which corresponds more closely to the activity of trade, shows a considerable diminution. The traffic returns in general have fallen off largely since the beginning of January, with results which will probably be felt by shareholders during the current half-year. Railway statistics thus far indicate no revival of prosperity, but they undoubtedly show the extent and importance of the industry which has been destroyed by long continuance of unfavourable circumstances. Proprietors and purchasers of railway stock will derive confidence from the falsification of many alarming rumours. Most of them have probably the good sense to consign to the waste basket the letters and circulars which are from time to time circulated by disinterested benefactors who undertake to prove that the affairs of this or that Company are grossly mismanaged. It is possible that an honest malcontent may waste time and money in denouncing the conduct of Directors; but genuine suspicion would more naturally express itself by selling out than by proving that a still cherished investment was worthless. It is unfortunate that attacks on railway administration should usually be intended to affect market prices rather than the conduct of traffic or the management of the finances of Companies. Boards of Directors and managers often commit errors; but those who undertake to expose their misconduct can seldom be trusted. An Opposition of which the motives were habitually and presumably corrupt would not exercise an effective check on the Government.

The greatest surprise produced by the recent railway

reports was caused by the North-Eastern dividend, which was only one per cent. less than in the corresponding half-year of 1877. No other great Company depends so largely on mineral traffic; and it was known that the stagnation in the iron trade had been unprecedented, and that the gross revenue of the Company had largely declined. A partial compensation seems to have been supplied by the extraordinary cheapness of coal and iron. The reduction of wages on which the Board has lately been engaged can probably not have produced a perceptible effect on the returns of the autumnal half-year. The North-Eastern has the advantage of a monopoly over a mileage which is greater than that of any other Company, with the exception of the Great Western. The manager can consequently, as occasion requires, consult economy by reduction in the number of trains, without incurring the risk of competition. Holders of North-Eastern stock may reasonably anticipate, on the revival of trade, a resumption of the liberal dividends which they earned three or four years ago. The London and North-Western, which has suffered by the depression of textile industries, as well as by the stagnation of the iron trade, has reduced its working expenses by a diminution in the number of trains, and in the staff employed in its manufacturing establishment at Crewe. In common with other Companies, the London and North-Western begins to profit by the large expenditure which has been incurred during many years in the substitution of steel rails for iron. The change was long since completed at the principal stations and sidings, where, but for the introduction of a more durable material, it would have been almost impossible to meet the modern requirements of traffic. The almost total discontinuance of the manufacture of iron rails is one of many causes of the depression of the iron trade. Only certain kinds of ore are suited to the production of steel. It has hitherto been found impossible to make steel from Cleveland iron.

Some attention has lately been called to the Southern lines, both by the dispute as to the cost of season-tickets and by the division in the councils of the South-Eastern Board. The shareholders were disappointed in the amount of profit which was derived from the Paris Exhibition; but their dividend was slightly increased, and the Railway has greatly risen in prosperity under the administration of the present Chairman. His colleagues were dissatisfied by his proposals for connecting their railway with the East London and the Metropolitan Railways, both of which he administers as Chairman. To disinterested observers there seems to be no conflict of interests between the lines within the metropolis and the South-Eastern. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is strongly convinced that all parties would derive benefit from a more abundant exchange of traffic; but there are generally two sides to railway controversies, and a natural or plausible doubt was raised as to the impartiality of a representative of three separate and independent interests. Sir EDWARD WATKIN is in the habit of boasting, not without reason, of his own experience, industry, and vigour, and he accepts with much complacency the charge that he is an autocrat at the numerous Boards over which he presides. Less powerful members of the same bodies are jealous of autocracy, and like to have a voice in the policy for which they are responsible. The majority of the South-Eastern Board have consequently made an attempt to depose their Chairman, and, though they have been defeated, they were supported by a large minority of shareholders. The victorious party was probably in the right. Sir EDWARD WATKIN has in the exercise of his autocracy improved the financial condition of every railway which he has managed; and he is a competent judge of the interests of the South-Eastern, as well as of the East London and the Metropolitan. It would seem that the public advantage must be consulted by the freest possible intercourse among all the lines which traverse or approach London. The East London, traversing the old Thames Tunnel, is now practically useless, although it constitutes the shortest connexion among many populous districts.

Another system of undertakings in which large sums were invested has lately undergone extraordinary fluctuations in value. Two or three years ago the 100. Ten per cent. shares of London Gas Companies sold at 220; but, in consequence of doubts as to the possible substitution of electricity for gas, they had fallen in last summer to 189. Other gas securities in and

out of London bore a corresponding price. In the month of October it became known that several new patents for electric lighting had been taken out; and accounts were published, probably for the purposes of the Stock Exchange, of statements by the well-known American inventor, Mr. EDISON, that he had overcome all the difficulties which had impeded the subdivision of the light. The electric light has been tried out of doors in London, and on a larger scale in Paris, with satisfactory results as respects illumination; but the cost has not been accurately ascertained. The best authorities seem to concur in the opinion that the light is not at present applicable to ordinary domestic use. The Gas Light and Coke Company has circulated among its shareholders the results of experiments made under the direction of the Board, which seem to show that electric lights at present are more expensive than gas, and that they produce greater heat and stronger smell. The general opinion, founded on the more or less positive judgments of men of science, has expressed itself in an extraordinary range of prices. The 100. shares of the Gas Light and Coke Company fell in November to 135. They have since steadily risen, and they are now quoted at about 184. Another cause has lately tended to the rise in value. Under the sliding scale which was sanctioned by Parliament two or three years ago, the Gas Light Company, having reduced the price of gas, divides for the autumn half-year 11 per cent. instead of 10. The Gas Companies profess their ability to compete with electricity in brilliancy as well as in cheapness. The depressing dimness of the streets of London is due to the thrift of Vestries, which fix the lamp-posts too far apart, and consume too little gas.

THE LIVERPOOL STRIKES.

THE Liverpool strikes have differed in one serious respect from other similar movements. For one day the town, or at all events the district affected by the strike, was given over to mob law. The men who remained at work in the docks were driven away, and there seemed every prospect of an organized attack upon the enormous mass of property there collected. What has happened since goes to show that this apprehension was unfounded. If the assailants had laid their plans at all carefully, they could evidently have done a great deal more damage than they actually did. And if the intention of attacking property had originated with the class concerned in the strike itself, it is clear that the plans would have been laid more carefully. The suddenness of outburst, coupled with the fact that it was checked with almost equal suddenness, points to the conclusion that the violence was an after-thought, not forming part of the original plan, and not contemplated by the framers of the plan. Even the terrorism exercised on the men at work, though a more usual accompaniment of a strike, was probably in this case rather an accidental than a designed addition. The more public the exercise of terrorism is, the more likely it is to defeat its object. A system of picketing which keeps just within the law, and which consequently the law is powerless to deal with, is a far more formidable instrument. So soon as open violence is resorted to, terrorism gives place to warfare; and in war the masters are able to do far more to help the men who have taken the place of those on strike than they can possibly do in peace. The peculiarities which have disgraced the Liverpool strike may probably be traced to the fact that it happened in Liverpool, and these peculiarities themselves throw some light upon the state of things from which they take their origin.

Liverpool has long been unfavourably known for the large percentage of the rough element in its population. Some years ago, when murder and maiming by kicking caused a passing alarm in the minds even of the classes who are not ordinarily in any danger from this cause, it was in Liverpool that the most startling cases occurred. It was stated at that time that there were some parts of the town in which the peaceably disposed inhabitants went about in terror of their lives, not from any special hatred which the violent classes bore them, but simply from the neighbourhood of a large number of persons who would as soon murder them as not, and who consequently were not likely to require much in the way of provocation. In one or two instances this fact was very plainly brought out. The mere presence of a

man or woman not a comrade of his own seemed enough to irritate some rough who happened to be lounging at the street corner into delivering that "running kick" which was then, and may perhaps be still, a Lancashire speciality. The presence of the police was an incident apparently too rare to be worth calculating. Indeed it was hardly denied that, so long as the roughs kept within their own quarters and molested only their own neighbours, it would take more than usually gross violence to constitute a case for interference. Nor could it be denied that under the circumstances the police had much to say for the view they took of their duty. They are an extremely small body in comparison with the extent of Liverpool and the character of its population, and they had necessarily to husband their resources with the foresight appropriate to small bodies. Whether it was wise in the ratepayers of Liverpool to take a similar view is a different question, and one to which the events of last week may possibly suggest an answer. To have violence permanently reigning in certain streets may be a very much less serious thing in the eyes of owners of property than to have it reigning, if but for an hour or two, in the docks or on the quays. But, if the one leads to the other, it becomes infected with its importance; and it is impossible to allow the Liverpool rough to have his own way where the persons of his equals are concerned, if at the same time it is desired to keep him in leading strings as regards the property of his betters. In the present case it can hardly be doubted that the strike was seized as an occasion by a number of persons whom habitual abstinence from work had made wholly indifferent to the amount of wages paid for it. There was a prospect of amusement in the shape of some booty and some violence, and, most of all, perhaps of that rapid and aimless destruction of property that has cost time and labour to get together which to the genuine rough is almost as precious as either.

When it is considered that Liverpool contains more elements of disorder in proportion to its population than any other town in the United Kingdom, it will hardly be maintained that twelve hundred men can constitute an adequate police force. The opinion of the Liverpool Town Council seems, however, to be, that whether the force be large or small in itself, it is all that the ratepayers are prepared to pay for. No town, probably, has suffered more from that unfortunate distrust of the police which seems to be ineradicable among the poor. In theory the constable is the protector of peaceable people in every class, and in practice he very often is so. But to peaceable people of the lower classes he is a protector at best in the sense in which a solicitor is a protector to the well to do. Except in cases of very great need, it is held that to call him in is likely to prove more dangerous than to endure the evils which his presence might entail. This misapprehension is in some degree inevitable from the many aspects of poverty towards which a policeman can hardly appear otherwise than harsh. But we cannot but think that in Liverpool and in other similarly situated places the feeling that the police is a luxury for the rich has been increased by the very sharp line which magistrates and judges have drawn between offences against the person and offences against property. The leniency with which brutal assaults have been treated, compared with the severity with which robberies have been punished, naturally points in this direction. The poor are ordinarily the sufferers by the former and the rich by the latter; and it is not surprising that they should draw the obvious, though unjust, conclusion that, as the rich use the police, the rich ought to pay for them. The form which this conclusion assumes in practice is somewhat different. The rich cannot be made to pay more than their share; but the poor, who are a very numerous section of the ratepayers, can take care that as little as possible is paid for the police by anybody. The result is that the police arrangements of the town are starved, and that the roughs, who are left to do pretty much what they like in their own quarters, occasionally take leave to act with equal freedom elsewhere.

The MAYOR's decision to call in the troops was undoubtedly sound under the circumstances. Liverpool is not adequately protected in the matter of police, and as there was not time to remedy this deficiency, there was nothing for it but to go elsewhere for help. At the same time the necessity of doing this reflects grave discredit on the administration of the town. The riot seems to have

been nothing more than might arise any day in Liverpool if any local squabble provided the roughs of the town with an opportunity of gratifying their love of certain mischief combined with possible plunder. If the military is to be appealed to on such an occasion as this, the town had better be garrisoned at once. The duty of the Town Council is plainly to ask the Chief Constable what is the minimum force with which he would undertake to maintain order without being reduced on the first symptom of riot to send off for the nearest regiment. It has always been an honourable distinction of English, as opposed to Continental, administration that there should be no confusion between the function of the soldier and the function of the police constable; and this distinction ought not to be obscured merely because the second seaport in the kingdom will not be at the cost of maintaining a proper police force. It argues exceedingly bad economy on the part of the Liverpool authorities, inasmuch as the injury done to property by a strike which is accompanied by a riot is incalculably greater than that which is done by a simple strike. There can be little doubt that, in the present instance, the moving cause of the riot was the knowledge on the part of the rioters that, for a time at all events, they would be able to defy any force that the authorities could bring against them. So soon as the force at the command of the authorities became presumably equal to the need, all thought of resistance was over, and if that force had been there all along, the need for it would never have been disclosed. Now that it has been disclosed, it is to be hoped that the Town Council will take prompt and efficient measures to meet it.

FRENCH SOCIETY AND THE REPUBLIC.

THE establishment of the Republic in France has been attended with so many remarkable political incidents that we have been apt to overlook that aspect of the subject which most strikes an English resident there—namely, the struggle between what is called "good society" and the men who have finally succeeded in setting up the new form of government. We do not mean to imply that there is any truth in the old prejudice against the Republicans as a pack of hungry adventurers whose political programme consisted simply in taking other men's goods. A large proportion of the Republicans of the present day belong to the well-to-do middle classes, without whose aid, indeed, the Republic could not possibly have been established; and still it remains true that what is called "good society" in the provinces is bitterly opposed to it, even in the most Republican of the French departments. The following observations are those of an English resident who has watched the progress of Republicanism, and the opposition to it, for many years. They are not collected from newspapers, but taken directly from life itself.

The first thing to be said is that the profession of Monarchy or Republicanism does not precisely go by money. A Frenchman living in the country may be very well off and still be an ardent Republican; but when this happens he seldom has any pretensions either to birth or fashion; the rich Republican is almost invariably a man of the middle class, whose forefathers were laborious and economical, and so accumulated wealth. At the same time the rich Republican is a man without social ambition, a man who does not care to push his way into the society of the aristocracy. His friends are of his own class, and generally poorer than himself. He is plain in his dress and manners, generally drives a one-horse carriage, and gives himself no airs of superiority, which indeed would not be tolerated by the equality-loving society which he frequents. He is often fairly well educated, and either a doctor or a lawyer by profession, though his independent fortune relieves him from the necessity of practising. He gets elected to some post of trust by the votes of his fellow-citizens, and is satisfied with some degree of local usefulness and importance, though he may aspire to the *conseil général* of his department, or even to *la députation*. He has no notion of ever abandoning his Republicanism, however rich he may become; he will never, so long as he lives, stick a *de* before his name or do anything to conceal his origin. Just at present there is a worthy provincial of this type at the *lysée*, who has accepted the Presidential chair.

The *nouveau riche* who wants to leave his own class and get into the local aristocracy is well aware that even the most moderate and circumspect Republicanism would ruin all his prospects. The rural *noblesse* used to hate Republicanism with much warmth, but since the elections the word hatred is much too mild to characterize their sentiments. They detest it utterly; they abhor, execrate, abominate it; they loathe the very sight of the initials R. F., and cannot be got to pronounce the words they represent; or, if ever by chance they do pronounce them, it is with a tone of contempt mingled with disgust. They have ingenious periphrases to avoid the odious word, and speak of "le gouvernement qui nous régit," or of "cet état déplorable des choses que nous voyons aujourd'hui." It is not in

accordance with the tone of polite society to admit that the Republic can effect any good whatever. The correct thing is to deplore the wretched state of the country, the absence of a *lendemain*, the degradation of France in the eyes of Europe, and to anticipate a tremendous cataclysm in which all property will be swept away. Since the Senatorial elections gave a Republican majority to the Upper House it is the mark of a gentleman to express a grim satisfaction in the idea that his country is going to the Devil with greatly accelerated speed. "We have but one chance now," he is expected to say, "and that is the suicide of the democracy in the intoxication of its perilous freedom. The sooner it destroys itself by its own folly the better for the future of the country—if it is to have any future."

The most moderate Republican, the mildest Liberal even, soon finds himself out of place, unless he has hypocrisy enough to say these things himself, and to approve of them energetically whenever they are said by others. But he has to tolerate much more than this if he intends to keep his place in good society. He must listen to long accounts of Republican rapacity, to stories of the enormous fortunes which Gambetta and others have created for themselves by robbing the public purse. He must accept and maintain the theory that selfish greed is the only motive which can possibly animate a Republican. The received doctrine is that when a Royalist gets elected to the Chamber of Deputies his object is to maintain moral order; but when a Republican aspires to the same honour he thinks of nothing but the pay. The Prefects appointed by the reactionary Cabinet after the *Seize Mai* were men devoted to a sacred cause; the Prefects appointed by Dufaure are devoted to filthy lucre and the lusts of the flesh. The courts of justice are generally occupied by reactionary magistrates who have often hunted down Republicans without mercy, these same Republicans being now in many instances elevated by the votes of their fellow-citizens to positions of trust and influence as a protest against what they look upon as persecution. The rule in good society is to treat all these condemnations seriously, and speak of their victims as people in England speak of ticket-of-leave men.

Here and there a nobleman, like the Marquis de Talleyrand Périgord, revolts against the opinions of his class, and says that he has hopes for the future of his country; but these exceptions are extremely rare, and will hardly ever be found in the smaller noblesse. "La République," says the Marquis himself, "étant privée de la faveur des hautes classes, ne peut chercher son appui que dans ce que l'on est convenu d'appeler les couches inférieures de la société." This is true; so true that, not only the Republic as an institution, but even each individual Republican, whatever may be his personal merits, is "privé de la faveur des hautes classes." He can associate with a wealthy Republican middle class, but not even with the smaller aristocracy. It might have been supposed that in a country like France, where there are so many political parties, a man belonging to one so influential and so well behaved as that of the moderate Republicans might be tolerated anywhere if he were well educated and had pleasant manners; but the theory of good society is that there are no moderate Republicans—they are all "Communards." Merely to express his approval of any degree of political or religious liberty is quite enough to draw down that evil name upon a man, and, when once it has been applied to him, it is an indelible stain. Suppose you venture to say, for example, that the liberty of the press is not an unmitigated evil, that a general liberty of public worship might be desirable, that the liberty of political meeting is compatible with social order, you are a marked man, you are set down as a "Communard" at once. You may say such things in *cafés* where Republicans meet, you are not allowed to say them in good society in the presence of ladies. You may not even express a liking for representative government, or speak respectfully of the Parliament. The proper tone is to sneer at all popular representation, to declare that there is no necessity for any kind of liberty, and that the country could be much better governed without any Houses of Talk. You are not allowed to say anything in favour of popular education, because that is desired by the Republicans. In short, "the tone of good society" is reactionary to a degree utterly unknown in England; and a moderate Liberal, in rural France, has to avoid the gentry and keep to the middle class.

If the whole of the middle class were tolerant of modern ideas, the position of the moderate Liberal would still be endurable enough. He might do without the gentry and associate with people who are often equal to them in wealth and much superior to them in mental culture; but here again, in many localities, our moderate Liberal encounters a serious social difficulty. The middle class which has no social ambition will accept him, but that which aspires to enter the ranks of the gentry in the next generation sets its face against all the forms of Liberalism as resolutely as if it were descended from the Crusaders. It is not that the class really hates Liberalism quite so ardently as it pretends to do, but it is well aware that such hatred is the best passport to good society. A rich *bourgeois* who wants to enoble himself must begin by declaring his detestation of the Republic, must be, in outward seeming, an obedient son of the Church, must buy land, and put a *de* before his name. The process is as well known as the art of turning a schoolboy into a lawyer or a physician. You may see future nobles in all stages of development, but you will never by any chance meet with one of them who professes Republican opinions.

Besides these aspirants to nobility you have a commercial class in country towns which is often strongly Bonapartist, and therefore quite as hostile to the Republic as the Legitimist aristocracy

itself. In some towns this class is Republican, in others Bonapartist; in former times it used often to be Orléanist, but that party has lost so much ground of late years that it does not count for much at the present day. We know a town where all the rich people are, or have been, in trade, and where fortunes are unusually large. In that town the political colour of all wealthy society is strongly and intolerantly Bonapartist, yet the lower classes elect a Republican Municipal Council, and return, with the help of the surrounding peasantry, a well-known Republican to the Chamber of Deputies. The reader may imagine the position of a man with Republican opinions, however moderate, in such a town as that. So long as he keeps to the society of the lower middle class or the populace, he is comfortable enough, being in union with the people he meets; but, if his professional avocations require him to penetrate into the upper social strata, amongst the wealthy families, political hypocrisy, or at any rate the greatest patience when politics are the subject of conversation, becomes an absolute necessity of his position. The difficulty may be much enhanced by certain personal considerations. The defeated parties in France are exasperated to such a degree that they have bidden farewell to everything resembling delicacy where political questions are concerned. The consequence is that a Republican, however moderate, cannot go into the reactionary society of a country town without hearing the characters of his friends attacked in the most merciless way. If he defends them, he is at once looked upon as an enemy; if he sits tamely at a dinner-table when a friend is slandered without uttering a word in his defence, he feels himself, and he is, a cowardly wretch who has no claim to the respect of others or to his own. Then why not leave such society at once, and confine himself to his own political friends? It is easy to say this; but what if the man belongs to some profession in which success is not possible without the countenance of the rich? Take, for example, the case of an architect in a country town who has to make his way in the world, has the misfortune to cherish moderately Liberal opinions, or, in other words, to feel a sentiment of loyalty towards the present Government of his country. The poor do not build houses; so he must know rich people in order to advance in his profession. The difficulty is complicated in his case by the necessity for standing well with the clergy if he is to work for churches and convents. Political animosity is so strong in France that people would rather employ an inferior man of their own colour than a clever man who is suspected of Republicanism; and the consequence is that an architect, in such a town as we have been describing, is placed in a most embarrassing position if he happens to be a Republican.

Another great social disadvantage resulting from the hatred of certain classes to Republicanism occurs in matrimonial alliances. A young man's chances of making a good match are terribly curtailed by even a suspicion of Republicanism; we mean, of course, in the provinces. The best matches, from the worldly point of view, are nearly always made by young men who have attracted some degree of notice as reactionaries; and the more violent and intolerant they are the better their chances seem to be. The hands of most French heiresses are directly or indirectly at the disposal of the clergy; and the clergy, perhaps with good reason, both dread and dislike the Republic. The consequence of this is a constant tendency to keep wealth that is already earned in the hands of the reactionary parties, and to keep the Republicans as a class down in the social scale within the limits of the smaller *bourgeoisie*. How long this will last if the Republic continues to be the political *régime* of France it is of course difficult to determine; but there are few signs at present that the aristocracy, or what considers itself such, will ever frankly reconcile itself with the democracy; and we are inclined to believe that France has before her a social future of a most peculiar kind, in which disloyalty to the established Government will be one of the marks of good breeding, and fidelity to it the recognized sign of what in England we should call a cad. It would be far better for the country if there could be something like a cordial reconciliation between classes; but the Republicans avenge their social slights by carefully excluding the aristocracy from the Government, both of the State and of the departments and towns. Then the aristocracy complains that it has no chance of taking office under a real Republic, and the social warfare is handed down, with all the hatred and prejudice which it engenders, to be continued by another generation.

SENSATIONAL SERMONS.

PREACHERS have perhaps the right to complain that their hearers are very difficult to please. They can scarcely avoid being accused either of dulness or of unworthy levity. In America the ministers of all denominations seem to prefer incurring the latter charge. The *North American Review*, a periodical which cannot be called gay, and which, according to Edgar Poe, is entirely written by cultivated elderly clergymen, has very seriously rebuked the "sensationalism" of the Transatlantic pulpit. Dr. Taylor, who lectures his brethren, is himself a very austere writer. He seems to have a charming topic, and to know a hundred good stories about the devices of the popular New York preacher. So intent, however, is he on edification, that he only now and then lets out one of the anecdotes with which he is obviously primed. We are compelled to imagine what a screaming pulpit farce in America must be by aid of a few hints, and by reflections on the

performances of the more daring and original of our own theological buffoons.

The preachers who are accused of sensationalism naturally take refuge in arguments like those of sensational novelists. The romancer points out that there are some "sensational" incidents in *Hamlet*, that there is a good deal of stabbing and poisoning in *Romeo and Juliet*, that the *Bride of Lammermoor* is more intense than most of Miss Yonge's stories for girls. Hence he or she argues in favour of the unlimited use of crime and horror. The reply is easy; crime and horror are not the only elements of interest in the *Bride of Lammermoor* or *Hamlet*, as they are in a great many stories that it is needless to name. The arguments of the dramatic or comic preacher are of the same flimsy kind. He points out that Bossuet and Bourdaloue were most successful when they "improved" the events of the day. He excuses the lugubrious rhetoric of his orations on royal deaths, and the copious quotations from *In Memoriam* and Lord Lytton's poems which he minglest with his tears, by the example of the funeral sermons of the great Frenchmen. It is only necessary to reply that their performances were something more (though, after all, perhaps not very much more) than Sunday substitutes for the *Mercure Galant*. Again, the comic preacher will maintain that all "means of grace" are justifiable, which is rather a Jesuitical doctrine. He will defend his weekly drivel about evening parties, railway accidents, commercial panics, and what not, by saying that only by these devices can he secure the attention of men and women. Their lives run so much in a groove that he must follow in the track, and must tell them better stories from the pulpit than they are likely to hear in the smoking-room. Thus we possess several preachers who rival Mark Twain or Artemus Ward in gay profanity, and who certainly are "doing a great work in our midst," if spiritual success is to be estimated by the numbers of people who enjoy being chaffed from the pulpit. These courageous divines still lack the boldness of their American models; besides, *carente sacro*; the daily papers do not yet devote their Monday columns to minute reports of their jests and eccentricities.

The American newspapers have not neglected this branch of business. Every Monday a kind of *Symposium* is held in the edifying pages of the *New York Herald*. For weeks the preachers have been vying with each other in original ideas about eternal punishment. Fashionable people go to hear Mr. Howler (who is a "hard-shell," or very convinced and condemnatory person) in the morning, and in the afternoon Mr. Honeyman charms them with his gentle and genial universalism. On Monday the discourses are served up for the business-men who flash past the upper floor windows in their delightful trains, which add a new ornament and luxury to civilization. Egged on by the press, the clergy are reduced to the condition of the French poet who thinks it his duty to say something more startling and disgusting than the poet who preceded him. By this time the sensations which can be stirred by the ideas of eternal punishment are pretty nearly exhausted, and the pious public of New York is ready to be pitied. No topic admits of being peppered much hotter, and preachers are descending in despair from high tragedy to low comedy. The press not only reports all that has been said after the event, but advertises beforehand the preachers and the titles of their sermons. On Sunday morning the jaded lover of excitement looks down the list of sermons as he scans the list of plays at the theatres. Shall he go and hear the latest effusion of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, or shall he try some less familiar favourite? The titles of the sermons provoke rather than satisfy curiosity. Here are some of the announcements:—"A Man getting out of a Ship," "How Jonah lost his Umbrella," "The Speckled Bird," "A Little Man up a Tree," "The Runaway Knock," and so forth. These titles have the quaintness, without the humour, of our old English Puritans. When Richard Taverner, Esq., of Woodeaton, preached in the University pulpit in Queen Elizabeth's time, he said, quite naturally, "I have brought you some fine bisketts baked in the oven of Charitie, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, the sweet swallows of salvation." The Yankee notions, however, are not natural, but forced. To advertise thus, as Dr. Taylor says, is "a deliberate letting down of the great aim of the Christian Ministry." After all, the titles are not very taking. We can all imagine what will be said about Zacchaeus, "the little man up the tree," and the withering of Jonah's gourd is but poorly concealed by the jape about the prophet's umbrella. It appears that several American parsons curse and swear in the pulpit. "The profanity of the oath which is common in the streets has a peculiar piquancy when it is quoted, even if it be quoted only to be condemned, in the house of God, and the gusto with which it was given will be commented on when other things of great value are entirely lost sight of." Thus it may be doubted whether any one was sincerely edified when an English Dissenter began his sermon with the words, "It's devilish hot." The old Scotch minister who, when young men outdid him in eloquence, "mounted the white horse o' the Revelations, and he aye dings them a'" really chose a more appropriate form of rhetoric than his modern brethren.

When churches, like theatres, are merely speculative proprietary concerns, it is natural that experiments should be tried by managers who wish to fill their pews. A very feeble joke from the pulpit goes a long way, and you will see an audience titter over a jest that would hardly get a laugh even in the House of Commons. The tendency of men and women to giggle when they are got together in numbers in a sacred place has been made use of by reckless preachers of Buddhism no less than of Spurgeonism. The Bonze seldom made a better hit than when he described the

final doom of the indolent temple-servant. "The man, my brethren," he cried, "was the slave of this holy place for many years. He never swept it out as I like to see it done. I remonstrated with him; but in vain. I pleaded with him; but in vain. He died. Where is he now? That is he; he is there!" thundered the Bonze, pointing to a dirty old broom which stood in the corner. It was in this shape that the hieratic serf was to expiate a life of laziness. Our creed scarcely permits such flights; but the comic parson who was preaching a sermon in aid of the restoration of his own chapel came near the humour of the Bonze. "My friends, the gilding is off the ginger-bread, the paint is peeling from the walls. But I do not think of that; I think," he said, with a solemn gesture, "of what is above; there is a great hole in the roof." The French at this moment are much troubled by the bad taste, the jiggling buffooneries of their small adventurous theatres. They think that to subsidize more houses, and so enable a larger number of actors to play for art's sake without loss, would be a plan worth trying. The antics of the preachers in "private adventure" chapels, whether in England or America, are certainly an argument in favour of an established church, if an analogy may be drawn from the theatre. It would be by no means amazing to learn that some speculative person had engaged Zazel to illustrate the flight of angels, or Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke to demolish the rival pretensions of the Church of spiritualism.

It is the competitive and commercial spirit that begets modern theological sensationalism. No one can "draw" if he does not advertise himself; if he does not "draw" he must be removed, and other persons substituted; and so every kind of *affiche* is employed. The sensational sermons of the *libres prédicateurs*, concerning whom M. Meray has made what we think a dull and disappointing book, were the result of similar ambition. The monk who told a few risky stories about saints was certain to be asked to dinner in the hall, and thus hagiology was enriched by some comic stories. Perhaps the force of competition in producing a sensational discourse was never so well illustrated as by the case of the Scotch probationer at Greenock. A "probationer," it may be necessary to say, is a young minister who has not procured a living. He engages in rhetorical tournaments with his fellows; they preach in turn before critical congregations, like Liberal politicians before the Two Hundred of Southwark. It chanced that the probationer of the story had to preach before a ship-building parish in Greenock, and he could conceive no topic more likely to interest his audience than the construction of the Ark. After commanding the faith of Noah, he pointed out to his listeners that this faith was of a sort which they, hard-working shipwrights, were peculiarly fitted to appreciate. Noah's difficulties were just those practical ones, he said, which they could understand and sympathize with. "Here was this poor man, living in a land where, as I am credibly informed, there is no watter, nothing but the dew on the herbs in the morning, and the wells from which the women fill their pitchers at the going down o' the sun. And this poor man was told to prepare for a flood, and how he could tell what a flood might be (in a country where, as travellers say, there is no watter) is clean beyond me; but if any o' the congregation has received any light on the subject, I will be most happy to speak to him in the vestry. Well, this poor man was told he must build an ark, and how he was to set about that in a country where, as I am informed by the writings of the learned, there is no wood, is also a matter quite beyond me, and a most beautiful illustration of the faith of the Patriarch. But if any member of this intelligent congregation (and ye are all interested in this question) thinks he has received any light on the matter, I will be most happy to meet him in the vestry." After awakening the scepticism of his listeners by these absurd difficulties (much as University preachers delight in introducing the very latest heresy to the undergraduates), the probationer ended with a picture of Noah at work in his "bit yairdie," and of the boys looking over the fence and derisively observing, "Weel, Noah, how are ye getting on to-day, and when's the launch to be?"

Competition but rarely produces, perhaps, discourses so naive as that of the Greenock probationer. It is plain enough, however, that the public is really responsible for the vagaries of the sensational preacher. By the beautiful working of the laws of social economy, the demand obtains the supply, while still larger and showier supplies are laid in to tempt a fresh demand. If Mr. Spurgeon rivals *Our Boys* at the Tabernacle, Mr. Charles Honeyman must vie with the *Pink Dominos* in his chapel in May Fair. Just at present, perhaps, politics supply the readiest material to the heated pulpiteer. He either swells all over with imperial pride, or he prays for the prompt defeat of the British forces by those interesting children of the lost Ten Tribes—the Afghans. When politics are more quiet, social scandal will doubtless be introduced, if indeed competitive sensationalism has not already pounced on this tempting prey. Nothing would "draw" better than an unctuous description of a contemporary elopement, followed, of course, by a gloomy view of the consequences of that arrangement. When once preachers have begun to try to create an effect by illegitimate means, there is no subjective reason why they should ever stop. When once the public has tolerated a certain amount of profane bad taste, no one can say where it will draw the line. It may become expedient to have a censor of sermons as we have a censor of plays. His office will neither be easy nor enviable.

BURGLARS AND BUSHRANGERS.

THE Leeds prison authorities deserve great credit for the reserve they have evidently opposed, with more or less success, to the energetic reporters who have been indefatigable in their inquiries after the convict Peace. We have but the vaguest and most unsatisfactory information as to the health of the notoriety who for the last few weeks has been more of a public character than the Prime Minister or the commanders of the Afghan columns. We are left much in the dark as to his appetite; we scarcely know whether his thoughts have taken a sentimental or repentant turn, or whether he justifies the hero-worship that has been lavished on him by living "game," with the honourable ambition of dying so. We repeat that we approve the reticence of the prison authorities; and only hope that they may persevere in it to the end. We own to a nervous horror of the apotheosis of the famous murderer, expanded into sundry columns of picturesque description and sensational moralizing. We have no doubt that even the hoisting of the black signal flag will be made the text for many a lurid article; but at all events imagination must halt on its pinions when it has only the reflection of one ghastly fact to go upon. Yet we cannot help sympathizing in some measure with the sensational journalists, because it is seldom they have had such a chance, since the days of the famous Jack Sheppard. And even the hero of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth's Newgate romance was necessarily inferior in many respects to the latest product of our modern civilization. He was of a lower type of intellect, and relied less on his brilliant pre- vision and his powers of strategical combination, than on mere mechanical skill as a "crackman" with wiriness and pluck and unflinching determination. And even in these more corporeal qualities, Peace appears to have been at least Sheppard's equal. We can conceive his breaking through massive stone walls, prising locks and bolts with the leverage of the crowbar, and filing the most ponderous padlocks and fetters. But he showed himself capable of higher things than merely gnawing himself out of a trap like the fox or the weasel that leaves a limb behind it. We assume that he has been more largely lied about than any other public man whom the present generation has execrated or honoured. But making every allowance for sensational embroidery, his career was certainly an original and striking one; and should be pregnant with inspiration and practical lessons for the laborious young burglar who is striving to better himself, or for the scapegrace who stands hesitating on the confines of crime. It seems almost a pity, we grant, that the clouds of mystery should lie so heavily on his closing scenes, for none but himself can possibly have the key to the most suggestive passages of his eventful biography, and he may be wasting his treasures of cynicism and stoicism on the un receptive minds of turnkeys and gaol-chaplains. But, after all, Peace's would-be biographers may find some selfish comfort in the thought that there has seldom been a time when those offences in the refinements of which he has graduated as a master have been so rife as at present. Lately, indeed, hardly a week has gone by without the report of a burglary in a lonely dwelling, accompanied by circumstances of special atrocity.

We do not believe much in epidemics of crime, though no doubt so shining an example as Peace, especially when improved by descriptive reporters and sensational leader-writers, may tend to turn dreamers into earnest practitioners. There are precedents enough for breaking into your neighbour's house, especially when that neighbour is feeble and unprotected, without having recourse to contemporary police reports. And at the present moment, unfortunately, we can trace the multiplication of these crimes to obvious causes. Philanthropists may discuss the extent of the existing distress, but there is no doubt whatever that it is real and general. The least unobservant lounger in the West End of London must have remarked an unusual number of "loafers," who have the ugly features of the lowest type of rough and yet seem to have fallen from some higher grade. They look like skilled mechanics who have been going gradually to the bad, till, being miserable and half starved, they are become well nigh desperate. Many of these men, though once respectable, have lost both heart and moral fibre till they have hopelessly succumbed to their troubles and are fit for nothing but begging. But there must be not a few of the sternest of them who are ready and willing to turn their talents to profitable account. As they slink along the streets they instinctively keep their eyes open for opportunities. Setting the remonstrances of conscience aside, if they have kept a mind equal to adversity there is little in a burglarious venture to alarm them. If they succeed they may live comfortably on the proceeds of the "swag" even after it has been "sweated" by some grasping receiver. If they are caught and condemned they can hardly be worse off than before; and at least they will have shelter and food during their term of penal confinement. When we consider the desperate condition to which so many bold and unprincipled scamps are reduced, we are rather inclined to be surprised that burglaries are not even more frequent than they are. More especially is this the case when one recalls the fashions that are introduced by modern architects. Formerly a well-to-do householder, building a habitation for himself, subordinated decoration to solidity and security. We subscribe entirely to the maxim which Sir Walter Scott's sheep-stealing client impressed upon him at his first Jedburgh assizes by way of fee. He told his young defender to take care to have

heavy bolts to his doors, and, if possible, to keep a yelping terrier behind them. Nowadays your architect will tell you that shutters to the lower windows are quite gone out of date; and even in solitary suburban residences you are advised to rely upon having the good fortune to be overlooked by the housebreaking gangs. Had this newfangled notion been adopted in the country districts where miners, colliers, and metal-workers are on strike and out of employment by tens of thousands, it would have simplified the tasks of some active amateurs and possibly induced them to dispense with dangerous acts of severity. We can imagine the adventurers who broke in upon the elderly maiden ladies near Bristol; or those who made their way into the mansion of old Mr. Smith, and, having subsequently "knocked him out of time," heaped a pile of furniture upon him; or those others who met with so courageous a reception at the Rectory of Edlington, near Alnwick—we can imagine these men making their preliminary observations and prowling about the windows on the basement. Had they found only glass with no wood behind, they might noiselessly have disposed of a pane, and placed their hands on the bolt, with the most elementary knowledge of their new profession. They might have slipped off their boots, and glided quietly over the house, and ransacked it without needless disturbance. As it was, they became rough and savage in spite of themselves. They were compelled to knock at the front door, and open a formal parley with the inmates whom they had subsequently to reduce to silence. Where the house is defensible and the garrison reasonably strong, we are all in favour of the old-fashioned shutters, especially if they have bells attached for better security. But perhaps when one is old and feeble, and lives almost alone, there is something to be said for making entrance easy; for though the chances of losing your valuables are increased, you are more likely to escape personal violence. It is not everybody who, like the brave Northumbrian vicar, can put his hand to the sword which he keeps hanging by his bedside; and we should take the moral of these recent burglaries to be, that if you live lonely and without suitable protection, you had better send all your valuables to the bank, and take care to let the fact be known in your neighbourhood.

For, in England at least, banks are safe for the most part—from everybody, that is to say, but the managers or directors. And this is more than can be said for these establishments at the antipodes, where the feats of English burglars are far surpassed by the bushrangers. Here our night prowlers have merely to do with the metropolitan police, who cannot be omnipresent, or with the more stolid county constabulary, who are generally conspicuous by their absence. It is true that if they get away with their booty, detection dogs them, though it may be with uncertain step and faltering nose. In Australia, on the other hand, they appear to bid defiance to the detectives altogether; and, in place of having to dodge the movements of some solitary peace guardian, they provoke the intervention of the colonial troops, who are sent to mount guard over the stable doors after the horses have been stolen. Dan Kelly may take such rank in the romantic legends of the New World as the Fra Diavolos and their Neapolitan and Sicilian successors in the stories of unregenerated Italy. Happily, as Mr. Kelly is strong, he is merciful; and there is something in the reports of his latest exploit that reminds us of the humorous generosity of the outlaw of Sherwood Forest. One fine forenoon Mr. Kelly, with three of his gang, made his appearance at the station of Faithfull's Creek, having first sent a scout ahead to see that the coast was clear. Having secured the inmates, the party turned the station into what used to be known to the French police as a "rat-trap." Each new arrival was seized, so that no one should go out again to give the alarm. Among other visitors fortune sent them a hawker, whom they laid under contribution for a change of wardrobe, borrowing his cart and his pony. Leaving a guard over their captives, they drove off to the local bank in the neighbouring township of Euroa. It was during business hours and in broad daylight that they dropped in upon the manager. They called for his whisky and kindly pressed it upon him; they ransacked his repositories and made free with the safes, and stowed away in a sack notes and gold and nuggets to the value of 2,000^l, besides securities they carried away for subsequent inspection. Next they requisitioned sundry carts; they forced Mr. Smith, with his wife and children and maid-servants, to take their seats in them; when the whole company were driven back to the station at Faithfull's Creek, passing under the noses of the Euroa policemen. Nothing has since been heard either of Kelly or his plunder, although a reward of 2,000^l. has been offered; but in the meantime there is very general apprehension that he may choose his own time and place for reappearing. At all events we are told that the various banks are being protected by outlying detachments of artillery; we cannot doubt that the occupants of lonely stations are kept in a lively state of alarm; and we may imagine that the balance-sheets of those central banking establishments which, being in cities, may be supposed to be comparatively secure, will show in the meantime a marked influx of bullion and "other securities." It seems clear that our Australian colonies still keep their superiority in some respects as fields for the enterprise of adventurous youth; although the prospects of the squatters are no longer what they once were, and commerce in the towns is suffering from depression.

LELAND'S ITINERARY.

ANCIENT monuments," as understood by John Leland "the King's antiquary," who was born in London about 1506, were manuscripts, not buildings. As a worthy scholar of Lylly, the famous grammarian, he found an abbey or cathedral interesting chiefly for the library within its walls. To bring the literary remains of genius and erudition "out of deadly darkness to lively light" was the confessed object of what his friend and editor, Bishop Bale, calls his "Labourous Journey and Serche for England's Antiquities." Though sometimes impressed by the grandeur of the Gothic buildings he met with, Leland rarely attempts architectural description. That "Margan an abbey of White Monks" had "a very large and fair church"; that the like Cistercian fabric in the picturesque valley of Neath, whose smoke-discoloured ruins sometimes yet detain an indignant antiquary, seemed to him, with its emblazoned roof and gilded choir and tabernacles, "the fairest abbey in all Wales," is all he tells us in his *Itinerary* of these two noble monasteries; and such brief mention is typical of his treatment of the structural character not only of religious houses but of buildings in general. It is but rarely that he is moved to the enthusiasm with which he views the venerable abbey church of Malmesbury, which he calls a "right magnificent thing." Glastonbury he must have seen previously to its overthrow, for he speaks of the crucifix before the choir; but though he observed "six goodly windows in the top of each side of the east part of the church," and tells us that Abbot Bere "made a vault to the steeple which he supported by two arches like St. Andrew's cross, else it had fallen," yet this church, one of the most majestic fane in Christendom, he makes no attempt to describe as a whole. Leland, in fact, was not an architectural student; he never uses a technical term. William Wycreste, his forerunner, on the other hand, was devoted to architecture, and furnishes the first glossary of terms in Gothic construction. The former boasts that after six years roving over England and Wales there remained "almost no cape, nor bay, nor haven, creak or pier, river, or confluence of rivers, breeches, wasches, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, chases, woods, cities, burghs, castles, principal manor places, monasteries, and colleges, but I have seen them." Much may be done in six years' exploration; but Leland's time was chiefly spent in the libraries of cathedrals and monasteries, or wherever else "records, writings, and secrets of antiquity" were preserved; while his diligence is shown by his *Collectanea* and *Scriptores*, and numerous other works, as well as by his *Itinerary*. Bale, with his usual sweetness, characterizes monks and canons as "antichrist's noyful cattle and execrable sects of perdition," yet at the same time attempts not to deny that these "unprofitable clods, lousy lubbers, and popyshe belly goddes," whom he can compare for worthlessness only with the "oyled bishops and priests" around him, were the conservators of ancient learning, while English history would have been almost unwritten but for their labours. A fiat from the King would have saved the libraries from the sordid spoliators of the abbeys, and thus indefinitely extended his chosen antiquary's field of search. If the gleanings were so great to the reapers of knowledge, what would have been the full harvest? Bale tells of a merchant who bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings, and after using the books for "gray paper" during ten years, had stored enough to last ten years longer. The same authority, no doubt in his usual style of exaggeration, says that "at times whole ships' full" of books were exported for the use of grocers, soap-sellers, and book-binders, a waste which he reasonably adds "will be unto England a most horrible infamy among the grave seignors of other nations."

We have but to look into Fuller's *Worthies* to see how much quaint and curious lore was latent among the people a hundred years after Leland's time. The collection of anecdotes, traditions, and old beliefs contained in that work, the numberless local proverbs and sayings, with occasional touches upon the customs and observances and grotesque delusions and superstitions of village life, make us regret that the earlier traveller had not conversed with peasants in cottages as well as with doctors in learned halls. Twenty towns, castles, or churches are mentioned in a page of his *Itinerary*; but it is seldom that Leland halts to unfold a tale of any person, place, or object. Sometimes indeed he forgets to be dull, and favours us with a brief story. For instance, he gives a characteristic anecdote of Archbishop Peckham, which we are surprised to find overlooked by Dean Hook. When that haughty prelate came charged with the Pope's Bull which raised him to the see of Canterbury, "he entered the Chapter with the monks, beginning his communication to them with the words, 'Non vos me elegistis sed vos elegi,'" a note of defiance that epitomized in spirit his whole after course. Again, in explaining the origin of the arms of Fawey, our antiquary relates that the prosperity of that town was originally owing to piracy and feats of warfare. Their successful enterprise on the sea made the mariners proud. "The ships of Fawey," he continues, "sailing by Rhy and Winchelsea about Edward the Third's time, would sail no bonnet being required," whereupon the Rhy and Winchelsea men fought with the men of Fawey, the latter gaining the victory, which caused the men of Fawey to impale the arms of Rhy and Winchelsea with their own. Fawey, he adds, was subject to incursions of the French. On one occasion they attacked the house of Thomas Treury, whose wife gallantly repulsed them in her husband's absence. Treury, in consequence, built a strong tower and castellated his house, which, "unto this

day," says Leland, "is the glory of the town." At Bath our traveller found nearly the whole of the walls standing, a piece about Gascoyne's tower being the only part destroyed. The walls are now as completely vanished as a curious observance that he also mentions:—"At Whitsuntide, at the time which men say that Edgar was there crowned, there is a king elected at Bath every year of the townsmen, in the joyful remembrance of King Edgar and the privileges given to the town by him. The King is feasted and his adherents by the richest men of the town." The Puritan dynasty no doubt terminated this interesting custom, which was never revived. As a contribution to local botany we may recite the following. Radnor, he says, was partly destroyed by Owen Glendower, and the "voice is" that after he had won the castle he took threescore of the garrison and "caused them to be beheaded on the brink of the castle yard, since which time a certain bloodworth growth there where the blood was shed."

For one who, like Leland, had changed his religion there is an unusual absence of the convert's virulence against the party he had left. We find him on agreeable terms with abbots, priors, and monks, and gleanings from them points of information to be set down in his note-book. With the Abbot of Cirencester he had a conversation about the two great consular ways, Ermine Street and the Fosseway, which intersect each other, and are joined with the Icknield at Corinium. The Abbot of Whitelaw told him a "merry tale," which, however, seems to us rather pointless. Thomas Cleobury, late Abbot of Dore, gave an account of a Bishop of Lichfield who, in the days of Offa, King of the Mercians, retired to a hermitage at Buildwas, "after such time as the pall of the Archbishop of Lichfield was taken from Lichfield and restored to Canterbury." The last Prior of Winchelcombe pointed out a spot in that town where a castle formerly stood. The Prior of Bath informed him "that after the Nunnes time there were secular canons in S. Peter's Church at Bath—peradventure, Offa, King of Merches, set them there." Leland, however, was a scholar and *antiquarius*, not a theologian. He had been granted by the King (July 12, 1536) a dispensation from the living of Popeling to go upon his six years' wandering; and his absence would have been no less a blessing to the flock than to the shepherd if his sermons were as dry as his writings. His Romish biographer Pitseus attributes the melancholy and insanity of his latter days to remorse of conscience at having deserted the faith of his fathers; but there is no evidence that Leland changed his opinions with less apathy than a thousand of his brother divines. There was one adherent of the old faith, Polydore Vergil, against whom he conceived a lasting dislike—not on points of doctrine, but of learning. Vergil, Archdeacon of Wells (A.D. 1507), had been sent by Pope Alexander VI. to collect the annual tribute of Peter's Pence. At the desire of Henry VIII. he wrote a History of England, which contained so many errors that, to prevent their discovery, he is said to "have collected and burnt a greater number of ancient histories and MSS. than would have filled a loaded waggon." Amongst the falsifications of English history imputed to him was his attack upon the veracity of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of Prince Arthur*. If the rest of his versions of the truth were no more indefensible than that, the destruction of the records in question was quite unnecessary. Leland vindicated the authority of Geoffrey under the title of *Assertio inclytissimi Arturii Regis Britanniae* (Lond. 1544), which has been reprinted in Hearne's edition of the *Collectanea*, and should be consulted by the student of Arthurian lore.

The subversion of ancient architectural monuments was perhaps less grievous to Leland than the wasting of literary records. Possibly it was rather from political considerations, for he was an ardent Erastian, that he expresses no regret at the destruction of so many magnificent buildings going on before his eyes. It has hardly been considered how much the dilapidation of monastic structures in particular has been owing to the sordid notion that money or plate was to be found concealed within their walls or about their foundations. Leland speaks of one of three stone crosses at Brackley in Northamptonshire having been lately thrown down by thieves that sought for treasure. This gives a hint of how other ecclesiastical structures must have been weakened or overthrown by licensed predators. Glastonbury was dissolved at the time when the King's antiquary was in the middle of his famous journey. In September 1539 the visitors spent a week in ransacking the abbey, and daily found money and plate "muryd up in wallis, vaultis, and other secret places." This concealment was called robbery, and, as is well known, the abbot and two monks were hanged—or, as more correctly expressed by the peasantry of the district at the present day, "murdered"—for holding back the goods of their house. A belief survived that even the penetrating eyes of King Hal's Commissioners had not detected all the riches of the monks. What these searchers had left behind we find Mary Middlemore, one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne of Denmark, hoping at least in some measure to secure for herself. According to Rymer's *Fadera*, that lady obtained in 1613 a license from the King to ransack Glastonbury and two or three other of the principal abbeys, in search of certain "treasure trove" which she had been informed was to be found on these estates; and during five years she was empowered to demand the keys of such abbeys, and to employ workmen to pursue the inquiry. In 1611 Samuel Atkinson and Symon Morgan received like royal authority to dig and break up the "earth, ground, or soil of the said abbeys," &c., for the "finding out, getting, and obtaining all manner of Treasure Trove, Plate, Jewells," &c. The rude treatment which Glastonbury and like ancient structures

must have suffered in these explorations may account for much of their dilapidation and overthrow. The Abbey of Malmesbury, more fortunate than Glastonbury Abbey, found a friend, we are told by Leland, in John Stump, the rich clothier, whose homely name must always be honourably associated with the superb fragment which remains of that Benedictine house. Though he converted the monastic offices and even one of the chapels into workshops for his looms, he persuaded his fellow-townsmen to save the abbey church, and himself largely contributed towards the purchase of it for parish worship. A headstone to a recently departed Stump may be seen lying off the churchyard path of the abbey, which should remind worshippers of their benefactor. Leland, as we have already said, was much struck with Malmesbury.

The present great Northern centres of population were in Leland's time not much more than villages. Liverpool was a "pavid Towne" with but one "chapel"; it was resorted to by merchants, he says, on account of the smallness of the Customs. Warrington also, with one church, was "a better market than Manchester." The latter, however, was "the fairest, best builded, quickliest, and most populous Towne of all Lancashire; yet in it but one Parish church." Of Birmingham he gives a fairly graphic sketch. The town consisted chiefly of one street a quarter of a mile in length, which he calls the "Beauty of Birmingham." "I saw," he says, "but one paroch church in the town. There be many Smiths in the town that use to make knives and all manner of cutting tools and many Loriners that make bittes, and a great many naylors. So that a great part of the Towne is maintained by smithes who have their Iron and Sea Cole out of Staffordshire." Birmingham, it might be thought, would have familiarized him with chimneys. These, however, meaning flues or enclosed passages for conducting smoke, were in Leland's time rare, for in relating his visit to Bolton Castle, he says:—"One thyng I much noted in the hawle of Bolton, how chimeneys were conveyed by tunnels made on the sides of the walls betwixt the lights in the hawle, and by this means, and by no covers is the smoke of the harthe wonder strangely conveyed." The word chimney indeed is used by Chaucer and Piers Ploughman, but as synonymous with fireplace or furnace, in which latter sense Wyclif employs it—"their schulen send him into the chymeney of fier;" and Leland defines the word with evidently the like meaning.

Included in Hearne's edition of the *Itinerary* is a queer treatise on the mystery of masonry, said to be in the handwriting of Henry VI., "and faithfully copied by me John Leland, Antiquarius, by the command of his Highness Henry VIII." A copy of this translation was obtained by John Locke from the Bodleian, which he annotated for the benefit of Lady Masham, who was so fond of masonry as to say that she more than ever wished herself a man that she might be capable of admission into the fraternity. That Leland did not originate some of the strange errors corrected by Locke may be well believed, but it seems incredible that he should retain them in his translation. Masonry, we are told, began with the "first men of the East," and was brought into the West by the Venetians, a nationality which the annotator is not surprised to find, "in times of monkish ignorance," to be confounded with the Phoenicians. Moreover, the mystery was introduced into England by Peter Gower, a Grecian, a "mighty wiseacre," who had journeyed for "cunning" into Egypt and into every land where the Venetians (Phoenicians) had planted masonry. Even the author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding* was at a loss to guess the identity of "Peter Gower," until suddenly illuminated by the thought of Petagore, the French form of Pythagoras, he solved the difficulty; Pythagoras, Peter Gower, and Peter Gower being evidently one and the same persons. Notwithstanding the grotesque blundering of this treatise, Locke confesses that it determined him to seek the honour of initiation into the "mystery of masonry."

Leland's enemies, says Wood, charge him with being "vain-glorious" and promising more than he was able to perform. Certainly his high conception of his work much exceeded what he effected. His *Itinerary* is merely a huge heap of unshapen stones for a palatial edifice that he intended to build. The work he designed was to be divided into as many books as there were shires in England and Wales, each to contain the "Beginnings, encreases, and memorials acts of the chief Townes and Castelles of the Province allotted to it." He complains that, "except truth be delicately clothed in purple, her written verities can scant find a reader"; but he did not despair of satisfying even such delicate tastes. As "Carolus Magnus," he says, "had among his treasure three large and notable tables of silver, richly enamelled, severally representing Constantinople, Rome, and the world at large," so he (Leland) designed a work more durable than engraved silver or brass by making so complete a description of the whole realm that it should be easy for the painter or engraver to translate the result into a perfect picture. But Leland would have needed to carve his living marble in Latin. His English style was as rude and grating as the roads he travelled; but his Latin, at least his Latin verse, flows as smoothly as his own royal swan in her course on the stormless Thames. The *Cyneia Cantio* is a poem of 700 lines in a choriambic tetrameter of a spondee, a choriambus, two iambi, and a long syllable; and the Swan, instead of foolishly singing in doleful hymn her own departure from the world, more sensibly chants in lively phrase the praises of the successive towns and villages which she passes between Oxford and Greenwich. The verses are supplemented by an elaborate commentary, also in

Latin, one of the longest descriptions being devoted to Windsor, which he extols even more than does the author of the *Ode to Eton College*, declaring that the sun himself views no scene more splendid than the landscape beneath the castle towers.

THE STANDARD OF HEROISM.

IN discoursing the other day in the Schoolroom at Hawarden on Dean Hook's life Mr. Gladstone took occasion to describe him as "a hero," and was thus led to define his idea of what constitutes heroism. He began by remarking, what indeed is sufficiently obvious, that a man need not be any the less a hero because he is a Christian or a clergyman. It seems that in Dr. Latham's Dictionary a hero is defined to be "a man eminent for bravery"; but Mr. Gladstone not unnaturally thought this definition too narrow, seeing that bravery may be a merely animal quality, while on the other hand there are certainly many other kinds of excellence. On turning to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary he found a second description added to bravery, "a man of the highest class in any respect." And we may add that much the same alternative definitions are given by Richardson and Webster. But if the first definition is too narrow Mr. Gladstone thought the second too vague, for there are surely some kinds of greatness, or what is commonly so called, which are far removed from heroism. And we are still inclined to agree with him. He instances Napoleon, who is one of Mr. Carlyle's "Heroes," and who was indeed "one of the most extraordinary men ever born," and had a concentration of brain-power almost or quite unrivalled, but whose life was throughout predominantly tainted with selfishness, and could not therefore be considered truly heroic. And there can be no doubt whatever that, if Napoleon's genius was gigantic, the supreme and absolute selfishness which shaped and dominated his entire career, and which no principle, no affection, and no obligation, however sacred, was ever suffered to thwart even for a moment, was at least equally gigantic. Casabianca calmly awaiting "on the burning deck" the death which he preferred to even a possibility of disobedience to the command of his dead father was more really "a creature of heroic blood," absurd though his conduct was, than the cruel and unscrupulous despot who made Europe tremble at his nod. There are others of Mr. Carlyle's heroes whose claim is open to challenge on similar grounds, such as Mahomet, Rousseau, Frederick the Great, and Cromwell. All of these were unquestionably in their way great men, but a great man is not necessarily a hero. A hero must, as Mr. Gladstone put it, have "ends beyond himself," and must pursue them by honourable and legitimate means. In other words he must be high-principled and unselfish. We are not equally clear as to the lecturer's further condition that a hero must not be a man of one idea, in the sense of giving to certain cherished objects disproportionate a weight and prominence as to forget other and equally excellent objects. A man who does this is no doubt wanting in ideal harmony and perfection, and his very earnestness may be—though it does not at all follow that it would be—productive of more harm than good. But if his mistakes are not moral but intellectual only and spring from no root of selfishness, still more if they are rather the faults of the age than of the man, they need not detract from his claim to the praise of a hero. Let us take for instance two very different types of religious heroism in different ages, St. Anselm and Luther. Many will think the ideals both of the mediæval Saint and of the Reformer very one-sided, and nobody could consistently sympathize with both alike. Yet Anselm has been canonized by the public opinion of posterity no less than by the formal sentence of his Church, and few dispassionate readers of Dean Church's excellent biography of him would care to dispute the verdict. Luther is one of Mr. Carlyle's heroes, and many have been willing to accept this estimate of him who nevertheless think he gave a very "undue prominence to his own idea" of the *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesie*, and thereby very completely "lost the just proportion of things" in matters ecclesiastical. Or, again, take two heroes of the late Dr. Mozley's, Strafford and Laud. Both of them were men of one idea, and both—especially Strafford—pursued their aims by some means which, to our notions at all events, appear more than questionable. Yet they were men of remarkable capacity and energy, who devoted their lives, even to death, to the unwearied pursuit of what they firmly believed to be the highest public good. It would surely be too narrow a conception of heroism which excluded such examples from its range.

But the question still remains, in what heroism properly consists. Is it synonymous with bravery? or with sanctity? or is it something different from either? There is some dispute as to the derivation of the Greek word from which our own is taken, but the definition which stands first apparently in all our English dictionaries of "a man eminent for bravery" has thus much to say for itself, that bravery is the distinctive characteristic of the earliest recorded types of heroism, like the Homeric heroes who "mowed down rows of men." Yet the name is also applied in the *Odyssey* to the minstrel Demodocus and the herald Mullus, as well as to the peaceful Phoenicians, so that bravery was not the sole standard of heroism even in "the heroic age." But it remains true, as a modern writer has observed, that "war, which brings with it so many demoralizing influences, has always been the great school of heroism," inasmuch as it familiarizes the mind with the performance of noble actions from pure and unselfish motives, and elicits

strength of character and self-control while it teaches men how to die cheerfully "for an idea," that is for something outside themselves. Hence perhaps the same word in Latin serves for courage and for the highest moral excellence, for courage was the highest, almost the sole, measure of virtue (*virtus*) to the she-wolf's warrior brood. On the other hand a utilitarian code of morals is eminently unfavourable to heroism or self-sacrifice. But if heroism is not synonymous with bravery, is it to be identified with saintliness? Not exactly that either. But here again there is an historical explanation of the confusion. The heroes of classical antiquity had been great warriors and patriots; the medieval heroes were the Saints. In the technical language of the schools "heroic" virtue was an indispensable requisite for canonization. Now the same man may, like St. Louis, be a mighty leader in court and camp and a Saint, or, again there may be a great patriot statesman and ruler of lofty religious aims like Charlemagne, who narrowly missed canonization, but whose private life was tainted with faults which would have made his appearance in the Calendar rather strange. The fact is that there is an antithesis between what may roughly be called the natural or Pagan and the Christian standard of excellence; not that the two are irreconcilable, or are not sometimes reconciled in the same character, but that they are distinct in theory and not unfrequently separated in fact. Christianity introduced new types of virtue into the world, though it did not therefore supersede the old. It added what theologians would call the supernatural to the natural order of merit. Now the heroic ideal of classical antiquity springs mainly from a sense of the dignity of human nature; the Christian ideal of sanctity grows out of a sense of sin. And hence, as has sometimes been remarked, the latter conduces most directly to theological and ecclesiastical activity, the former to political. The one develops the distinguishing qualities of a patriot, the other of a saint. Yet the two kinds of energy may be combined in the same character, as in the nobler spirits among the Crusaders, while the concurrence of both is required for the general welfare of society. There is an unselfish grandeur, which is truly heroic, in the character and career of Hildebrand, whatever we may think of the abstract justice of his cause or of some of the methods he adopted for promoting it. His dying exclamation sounds almost like an echo of the story of Regulus.

But if there is a heroism which is not synonymous with sanctity, there are forms of saintliness, well deserving of reverence and love, which can hardly, without some strain of language, be termed heroic. To take two examples of our own day; Mr. Matthew Arnold has paid a graceful tribute to the exquisite piety and religious refinement, so to speak, of Eugénie de Guérin, nor would it be easy to find a more touching record of "a beautiful soul." Another English writer has described, under the title of "a Dominican Artist," in a work reviewed some years ago in our columns, the career of Père Besson, a young French painter who afterwards became a priest and a missionary. Both lives appeal with irresistible force to the Christian instinct of sympathy for whatever things are pure and lovely, yet neither can exactly be called heroic, in the ordinary sense of the word. The Greeks designated moral and physical beauty by a common term, and there are various manifestations both of saintly and heroic virtue which at once command as by spontaneous attraction the love and admiration of mankind. But still there is one beauty of the hero and another of the saint, even if they are sometimes united in the same person. In the highest type of perfection the two characteristics would perhaps be found to coalesce with one another, but as a matter of fact and experience there have been many genuine heroes whom it would be extravagant to qualify as saints, and many genuine saints, whether canonized or not, whose temperament or outward circumstances did not lead them to the achievement of any heroic work. Even the vulgarized use of the word hero, as when we speak of the hero of a novel—who may be a Dick Turpin or a Tito—bears witness to external energy of some kind being essential to the heroic idea. But no such necessity is recognized in the *De Imitatione Christi*, which the common instinct of Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, has accepted as an almost inspired manual of the saintly life, or indeed for that matter in Law's *Serious Call* or the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It would not be a complete statement of the case, but it would perhaps be as nearly a correct indication of the contrast as can be compressed into a few words, to say that heroism is understood to consist in noble action and saintliness in patient endurance. And just as a man may be eminent both as a statesman and a writer though politics and literature are distinct pursuits, so he may unite in himself the characteristic claims of a hero and a saint.

STEEL SHIPS.

IT has for some time past been evident that in the construction of vessels of a certain class steel was not unlikely to supersede iron. When Lloyd's allowed twenty per cent. reduction in the scantlings of vessels built of mild steel, or, in other words, settled that steel ships much more lightly built than iron ones might be placed in the same rank with the latter for purposes of insurance, it was obvious that the men who had the best opportunities of forming an opinion on the matter had come to a very definite conclusion as to the advantages of steel for shipbuilding. A like decision was arrived at by the accomplished naval constructors of the Admiralty. At the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute

which was held in Paris last year, Mr. Barnaby is reported to have said that the Admiralty had determined that men-of-war should be constructed entirely of mild steel with the exception of the armour plates; and indeed several steel ships have been built, and are being built, for the navy. Where there is such complete agreement between the authorities at Whitehall and those who are most competent to decide on questions relating to the construction of merchant vessels, it may seem presumptuous to express any doubt as to the justice of the conclusions come to; but nevertheless there is nothing overbold in the statement that it cannot be considered certain at present, from such knowledge as has been made public, that steel possesses all the good qualities which have been ascribed to it, or that it is free from very grave defects. Science ought to be able, and doubtless will be able, to decide the questions which have arisen with regard to the use of this metal for ships; but it must be said that hitherto the utterances of science have not been so definite as might be wished; and it is much to be desired that careful and comprehensive experiments should be made before steel shipbuilding on a large scale is undertaken. With regard to vessels intended for the Navy there is no reason to fear. The Admiralty can always afford to pay for the best material that can be procured, and commands the services of a highly scientific staff, who may be trusted to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with all the properties of any metal the use of which they sanction. With private shipbuilders the case is to some extent different, and, unless they are able to benefit by the result of a full and thorough investigation, it is possible, not only that large sums of money may be spent in building vessels which, after a comparatively short period, may be found useless, but also that the dangers of the sea may be increased.

In order to show what may perhaps be apprehended if steel is used largely in the construction of merchant vessels it is necessary to state briefly what is at present known on this subject. There has been, as need hardly be said, a good deal of discussion about it, but the best exposition of modern knowledge with regard to this matter is to be found in two articles in the *Nautical Magazine* for November and for last month, giving an account of the as yet unpublished papers read at the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute already mentioned. The most important contribution on this occasion appears to have been that of Professor Akerman of Stockholm, who describes some remarkable experiments made to test the comparative strength of mild steel and iron. The result certainly seemed to show the very great superiority of steel. Plates of this metal which were tried by allowing a weight of seventeen hundred weight to fall on them from a height of fifteen feet received from five to nine blows before they gave. Plates of the best Swedish iron, far exceeding in strength the best English iron, were tried with a weight falling only five feet, and gave after receiving from four to six blows. When a plate of this kind was tried with a weight falling fifteen feet, this passed through it on the first fall. A plate of mild steel on the other hand, when tried with a weight falling five feet, withstood twenty-five blows before it failed. The weight used in these trials was spherical in its lower part and of about ten inches diameter, and the plates were rather more than a third of an inch in thickness. The method followed was to stretch them over a cup larger than the weight, and the test to which they were exposed was certainly a severe one, as the work must have been 19,992 foot-pounds. The results obtained certainly made manifest the extraordinary power of resisting a percussive strain which one kind of mild steel possesses, and its huge superiority to iron; but it must not be forgotten that this steel, made in Sweden from Swedish iron, was the best that could possibly be obtained, and would probably be far too costly for use in ordinary shipbuilding. It is well worthy of note that some experiments with other kinds of steel which were recorded in a paper read by Mr. Adamson gave rather different results. In this case the plates were tested by placing them on a cast-iron anvil in which was a spherical cavity and exploding gun cotton at a height of ten inches above it. Five steel plates of which four were annealed and one unannealed were tried against four plates of the best Yorkshire and Lancashire iron. The results were singular. All the iron plates gave way. Three of the annealed plates stood the test and a second test; but the other annealed plate and the unannealed one were no better than those made of iron. It was discovered, however, that the annealed steel which failed was faulty, having too much sulphur and phosphorus in it; but, if this defect existed in a specimen carefully selected for trial, it is certainly doubtful whether it would always be avoided in common manufacture. Even more important in connexion with the subject than the failure of this plate was the fact that the unannealed steel seemed—so far as resistance to a percussive strain went—not to be more strong than iron. From the discussion which followed the reading of Mr. Adamson's paper it appeared that the mild steel plates used for men-of-war are annealed when the work can be done at the Royal dockyards, but that, when ships are built in private yards, the Admiralty do not insist on the steel being annealed, as they consider it better that this should be dispensed with than that it should be attempted when there is not absolute certainty that it will be done in the right way. It seems tolerably clear, therefore, that the steel plates which would be used in the construction of merchant vessels would not, save in very exceptional cases, be annealed, and they might be found not to be superior to iron in one kind of strength. It should be added, however, that Mr. Adamson's experiments as to tensile strength showed, as others on the same subject have done, that mild steel,

especially the best kind, is in this respect very much stronger than iron.

It will be seen, then, that, though mild steel of a certain description possesses far greater strength than iron and is better suited for shipbuilding, there are reasons for supposing that the steel of which ordinary vessels would be constructed would not have so marked a superiority over the simple metal. That it would in some ways be better there can be no doubt; but it must not be forgotten that the valuable qualities of steel have been supposed to be more than counterbalanced by a defect which would to a great extent unfit it for use in shipbuilding; and that it cannot be said at present that this opinion has been clearly shown to be erroneous. The objection which has been urged against mild steel is that it corrodes in salt water more quickly than iron. Experiments are said to have shown that this is not the case; but, though the matter might be thought to be one which could be absolutely decided without great difficulty, no conclusive series of experiments appear yet to have been made, and the results of some of the latest investigations seem to be contradictory. Thus Mr. Adamson placed hard steel, mild steel, and four kinds of iron, in a bath containing one per cent. of sulphuric acid, and carefully observed the amount of corrosion. The mild steel was found to corrode less than any of the other specimens except one, a very pure iron not suited for shipbuilding. This result seemed strongly in favour of steel; but some experiments made by the Admiralty officers are said to have led to a different conclusion. The writer of the articles in the *Nautical Magazine* states that these experiments are supposed to indicate "that most of the cases of rapid corrosion are due to galvanic action, in some instances clearly between the black oxide which adheres to the plate and the parts of the plate where the oxide has been removed. The black oxide is produced on the plate during rolling, being what is technically known as 'scale.' It is electro-negative with regard to the plate itself, and consequently, when some of it is knocked off in the process of working, galvanic action will be set up in salt water between the covered and uncovered portions of the plate. It has been observed that the scale adheres much more firmly to mild steel than to iron." Whether these conclusions are correct or not, there can be no doubt, as the writer goes on to remark, that more experiments are required, and that these should be made by placing the metal in salt water, not in water and sulphuric acid. Compared with much experimental investigation which is carried on, it would seem to be an easy matter to determine beyond all doubt the effect of sea water on such steel as would be used for shipbuilding. At present the question cannot be considered to be clearly decided, and, considering its importance, it is not a little singular that this should be the case.

Another question relating to steel, considered in the articles referred to, has also to be dealt with. In most mild steels manganese is present, and it is by no means certain that it has not a highly prejudicial effect. Dr. Siemens, perhaps the first living authority on this subject, considers that manganese causes the rapid corrosion of steel, and also that inferior materials may be "cloaked" by it, so that poor steel may be passed off for good. It is true that manganese can be dispensed with when a certain kind of iron is used; but the steel produced from this would probably be far too expensive for shipbuilding. Obviously, then, it is most necessary to determine what is the effect of manganese on steel, as well as to ascertain how that metal is likely to be affected by sea water. Before a large number of steel vessels can be set afloat, it will surely be well to know whether many of them will not be liable to rapid decay. It must not be thought that this matter concerns only the shipbuilder and the naval architect. The constantly increasing number of those who travel by water are also largely interested in it, and it is for this reason that we have drawn attention to the facts set forth in the *Nautical Magazine*. Within the last few days it has been stated that a large steel steamer is to be built which is probably intended to carry a large number of passengers. There could not be clearer evidence that steel is coming into favour; and, though this vessel is to be made safe by having a double bottom, she will probably be followed by others in which this expensive method of construction will not be adopted. Clearly, then, if safety to life is to be considered, it is most important that systematic attempts should be made to ascertain whether steel is well fitted for shipbuilding or whether a cardinal fault in the metal will aggravate what is undoubtedly an existing danger. Few of those who embark on board the great passenger steamers of the present day realize one risk to which the immense vessels propelled at very high speeds are exposed. How thin is the skin or plating with which these huge vessels are covered, and what would be the result of a small fracture incurred in any part of this a little distance below the water line, are things fortunately unknown to nervous travellers. It may seem startling, but is nevertheless true, that one of these huge ships might be sunk by a hole half a foot square, and five or six feet below the water line; that is to say, anywhere in hundreds of feet of thin iron plating. It is true that most of these great vessels are supposed to be divided into water-tight compartments; but it may be asserted without temerity that in many cases the so-called water-tight bulkheads would be found to be useless, and that if the water once entered it would penetrate everywhere. Now this danger, which is a real one, may be increased or decreased by the use of steel. There will be greater strength, and perhaps much greater power of resisting a percussive strain; but, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that the steel plates will be even thinner than the

iron ones, and if they corrode very rapidly there will be a certain peril to steel ships. If there really is this defect in the metal, means may be found to overcome it; but the question should certainly be carefully considered before vessels are constructed which, when to all appearance strong and seaworthy, may be in reality as dangerous as the most crazy craft that makes its way from port to port.

LITTLE RED RIDINGHOOD IN THE COURT OF APPEAL.

ON Wednesday last a most curious illustration of the vexed question of copyright was presented to those persons whose strange delight it is to pass their time as spectators and hearers in courts of law. It is matter for wonder what these people are, and what is the mysterious attraction which makes them like to sit for hours in a stuffy, dingy court, listening to case after case which has no possible interest for any one but the persons immediately concerned in it. Possibly they find pleasure in expectation, and are content to wait patiently through days of dullness for the chance of hearing some such case as that of *Hengler v. Myers*, which was heard in the Court of Appeal before Lords Justices James, Bramwell, and Brett. These three learned Judges were occupied for a considerable time—if we can judge from the length of the *Times*' report—in hearing "an appeal from an order of Mr. Justice Fry awarding the plaintiff the sum of forty-eight pounds damages for an infringement of his copyright in two songs, and granting an injunction to restrain any infringement of the plaintiff's copyright in the dramatic entertainment or spectacle called *Little Red Ridinghood*, in which the songs in question were introduced." The facts of the case were tolerably plain. Both the plaintiff and the defendant were circus proprietors of considerable fame, and in 1874 a Mr. Henry wrote for Mr. Hengler "a grand juvenile spectacle" called *Little Red Ridinghood*, the sole acting right of which was assigned to Mr. Hengler. In 1876 Mr. Myers brought out at the Crystal Palace a pantomimic performance, of which the title also was *Little Red Ridinghood*, and of which the plaintiff complained as a piracy of his juvenile entertainment, on the ground of its being identical, with the exception of the absence of spoken dialogue, with the defendant's piece in plot, incidents, properties, and business. The plaintiff more especially relied on the identity in both performances of two songs—"The Huntsmen's Chorus" and "Beautiful Flowers"—which had, as he alleged, been written and composed expressly for the plaintiff. The defendant denied that his piece was copied from the plaintiff's, and also said that the story, incidents, and dramatic situations contained in the plaintiff's *Little Red Ridinghood* were not new—a statement obviously difficult to upset. As to his own version of the story, Mr. Myers stated that in 1856 he brought out in America a pantomimic spectacle called *Cinderella*, in which various fairy scenes and "the ordinary and extraordinary circus troop of camels, giraffes, horses, &c." were employed as attractions. This spectacle he intended to produce in Paris in 1875; but, as M. Francou was at that time exhibiting a *Cinderella* of his own at the Cirque Napoléon, Mr. Myers, to avoid competition with him, adopted the simple expedient of changing his exhibition's name and plot, but retaining the spectacle which was its attraction. The device is not unknown; and it will be remembered that Mr. Crummles was far more concerned about the appearance of his real tubs than about the play which was to serve as a setting for them. It was the *Cinderella* translated to *Little Red Ridinghood* which Mr. Myers exhibited at the Crystal Palace and on the performance of which Mr. Hengler founded his action. The case was heard in June last before Mr. Justice Fry, who held that "the plaintiff was entitled to relief to the extent of the infringement committed by the defendant in taking the two songs of 'The Huntsmen's Chorus' and 'Beautiful Flowers' from the plaintiff's piece. From this decision the plaintiff had appealed."

Eminent counsel were engaged on both sides; and their Lordships, recognizing the importance and gravity of the case, decided that they could not properly determine the question without having both versions of *Little Red Ridinghood* read aloud, which was done, "to the great amusement of crowded court." The legend had been closely followed in each case, and the situations, the *Times*' reporter observes, "were necessarily very similar." "The plaintiff's piece, however, consisted of spoken dialogue," while the defendant's was chiefly pantomimic, "and the wolf, represented as a funny rascal, indulged in well-known music-hall songs of the day." The second act in both pieces represented a garden, through which an elaborate procession marched. Lord Justice James observed that "in point of fact, in the one case the tale of *Cinderella* and in the other of *Little Red Ridinghood* supplied a very slender thread of plot into which were woven what constituted the substance of the piece—namely, ballets, dances, ballads, costumes, political allusions, miniature equipages and ponies, and allegorical cars drawn by camels and other animals. These latter"—that is, we suppose, everything contained in the heterogeneous list, which Peacock might have put into the mouth of one of his characters—"were fitted into either plot indifferently, and could be and were changed and modified at will, but were for twenty years substantially the same, and were never copied or imitated by the defendant from any representation by the plaintiff or any one else."

Lord Justice James proceeded to inquire whether, in taking

these songs, Mr. Myers had taken a material part of Mr. Hengler's piece. To support his view that this was not so he went on to read or recite the words of the "Huntsmen's Chorus," which run thus:—

We mount our steeds at break of morn
And gaily forth we go,
While cheerily sounds the bugle-horn
And the huntsmen tally-ho!
Tally-ho! tally-ho! tally-ho!
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Echo. Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
The echoing words reply.

Lord Justice James, without going into the question whether, as the defendant alleged, the words and music of this song were old, decided with much wisdom that "any other song or any nonsense verses would have done quite as well to meet the situation in which they were introduced—namely, to alarm the wolf and rescue Little Red Ridinghood from his clutches." The same view, he went on to observe, was applicable to the other song, "Beautiful Flowers"; and, on the whole, he was of opinion that "no case of piracy had been established against the defendant, and the order of Mr. Justice Fry must be dismissed, with costs."

Lord Justice Bramwell, who was of the same opinion, and "only thought it necessary out of respect to Mr. Justice Fry to add anything," did nevertheless say nearly as much, according to the report, as Lord Justice James had said. The subject was, no doubt, an attractive one, and must have been almost as agreeable a relief to the judges as to the "crowded court." Lord Justice Bramwell, after briefly reviewing the circumstances, stated that the story of *Little Red Ridinghood*, which was the common groundwork of both pieces, "was no novelty; it was known in every nursery, was the common property of all mankind, and any one might dramatize it." Then, bringing his critical skill to bear on an analysis of this story, he pointed out that there must be certain incidents common to any version of the story; for "first you must have a little girl who wore a red hood; there must be a wolf, and the little girl must have a grandmother, and the grandmother must go to bed and be killed by the wolf, who then took her place in the bed." While observing that his memory did not serve him to say whether or not in the original legend the little girl was killed by the wolf, Lord Justice Bramwell found occasion to make a strangely recondite joke, the point of which still remains obscure from us. It seemed, he said, that in the modern version she was rescued from the wolf by some one, "not, I suppose, by a lawyer or a clergyman, but by a handsome young prince who comes in the garb of a huntman." Noting that the question of piracy was limited to the garden scene and two songs which were greatly alike, Lord Justice Bramwell observed that the differences must also be looked to. The plaintiff's piece was a spoken piece, containing jokes and allusions likely to make people laugh, and which had certainly made him laugh even when they were merely read out in court. (This, by the by, should surely prove a valuable advertisement to the plaintiff.) The defendant's piece, on the other hand, was a "mere ballet d'action," and there were many points of difference between his garden scene and the plaintiff's; as to the question of the songs, Lord Justice Bramwell referred to the case of *Planché v. Braham*, in order to say that it was not an authority for the plaintiff's contention. He further said, in connexion with that case, that "any one who knows the drama of *Oberon* set to music by Weber would know that the song in question, 'Ocean, thou mighty monster,' was a most important part of the drama." This is a somewhat surprising statement, and we may next expect to hear that the Queen's song in "the drama of the *Huguenots* set to music by Meyerbeer" is of the greatest dramatic importance.

"These pieces," said Lord Justice Bramwell in conclusion, "are very good things to make children laugh, and may also amuse their elders" (we have seen that one of them did amuse Lord Justice Bramwell); "but it does seem to me to be perfectly idle to found an action of copyright on these alleged similarities. . . . Actions of this sort, when there is no substantial grievance, ought not to be encouraged." Lord Justice Brett concurred, and therefore "the injunction granted by Mr. Justice Fry was dissolved, and judgment entered up for the defendant with costs, including the costs of the appeal." With Lord Justice Bramwell's concluding remarks we entirely agree; and possibly some people will be sorry that so much time and trouble should have been expended by the Court of Appeal over so trumpery a case. Philanthropists, however, may console themselves by reflecting upon the "great amusement" afforded to "a crowded court" by the criticisms, remarks, and recitations of the Lords Justices.

THE WORLD'S PRODUCTION OF SILVER.

THE silver market continues to baffle all calculation. Barely nine years ago the metal was selling at the mint price of sixty-two pence an ounce; even six years since it fetched sixty pence; but then a rapid fall began, and went on until in August, 1876, the quotations sank below forty-seven pence. At this point a recovery set in, and about twelve months ago the price had risen to fifty-four pence halfpenny; but there was another reaction, and at the close of the year forty-nine pence was again reached. Once more there was an improvement, which, however, only went as far as fifty-one pence, when another fall occurred, and this week the price is down to a fraction over forty-nine

pence halfpenny. We have so often explained the serious consequences of this state of things to the Indian Government and to all who have to transmit money from the East to Europe, that we need add little to what we have already said. But we may give one illustration. The Indian Council Bills offered on Wednesday last were tendered for at 1s. 7½d. per rupee—that is, fivepence within a very small fraction was lost in every rupee, or almost one-fifth. If present rates last, therefore, all who have to send money from India to England will have to look forward to a loss by exchange of one-fifth of the sum transmitted. So far as the Indian Treasury is concerned, this would be over three millions per annum. It is little wonder, then, that there should be persistent reports that plans have been submitted to the Indian Government for the correction of the exchanges. We commented upon one of these plans some time ago, and there is talk of others. But we do not propose to consider them at present. Our object just now is rather to direct attention to the causes of the depreciation. Those causes are twofold—an increase of supply, and a decrease of demand. But we think it can be shown conclusively that the increased supply is not sufficient to account for the alarm it has excited. What we witness is to a very large extent pure panic. The estimate of the world's production of silver laid before the Silver Committee by Sir Hector Hay is generally accepted as the nearest approximation to the truth which the existing data admit, and from that document it appears that the production amounted in 1852 to about 8,120,000l., and in 1875 to about 16,100,000l. In the four-and-twenty years, that is, the production had just doubled. The whole increase was in the yield of the United States. At the beginning of the period that yield was practically *nil*; in 1862 it had risen to 900,000l.; and afterwards it augmented rapidly, being estimated by Sir Hector as high as nine millions for 1875. But when we turn to the reports of the United States Mint we find that in fact the production that year was only 7,140,000l. The real production of 1875 was, therefore, only 14,240,000l., or an increase of about seventy-five per cent. in the twenty-four years. We saw a few weeks ago that, according to Wells, Fargo, & Co.'s report for 1878, the yield of the United States mines has not since 1875 sensibly increased; so that, even if all other countries were as productive as before, we cannot estimate the world's production at above 14½ millions. But is it probable that all other countries have yielded as much as formerly? The evidence laid before the Committee was all to the effect that, while the United States mines were marvelously rich, those of other countries were becoming exhausted. Their production had long been stationary, and would almost certainly fall off under the influence of depreciation. It now appears that even the United States mines have felt the influence of the depreciation, and although we have not trustworthy statistics for the others, it is almost certain that their yield has been much more considerably checked. It is uncontested, then, that the world's production has not increased within the last three years; it is in the highest degree probable that it has materially diminished.

A great body of evidence might be brought forward in support of this conclusion, but we need cite only two or three facts. The Bland Act, passed by Congress twelve months ago, requires the American Government to coin in silver every month not less than 400,000l., nor more than 800,000l. The Act was passed in spite of the influence of the Secretary of the Treasury and over the President's veto. It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the Government coins the legal minimum, which would be only 4,800,000l. for the whole year. Yet on one occasion the American Government bought silver in the London market. The metal, that is to say, was cheaper here than in the producing country. Another notable fact is that, even before the passing of the Bland Act, the imports of silver from the United States did not materially increase in consequence of the augmented yield of the mines. And a third fact of significance is that the supply of silver in the London market is exceedingly small. All this goes to prove that it is not increased production which has mainly caused the depreciation, and that the apprehensions felt, at the time the Silver Committee was sitting, of the result of the working of the new American mines were greatly exaggerated. The point is of the highest importance in fixing upon a remedy for the present state of things in India. If the views we have stated are correct, we have to look for the cause of the depreciation either in a temporary increase of the supply, which by and by will be exhausted, and which therefore may either be endured for the time or may be counteracted by temporary measures; or else in a contraction of the demand, whether temporary or permanent; or, lastly, India is suffering from a combination of both causes. This last is the true state of the case. The production of the metal, though it has been considerably increased, would, if acting alone, have exercised but slight influence. Indeed the increase would have no more than sufficed to keep up the silver coinages of the world, and to meet the requirements of the arts, had no change been made in the order of things existing at the close of the Franco-German war. But the substitution of a gold for a silver currency by Germany disturbed the equilibrium. And the way in which the measure was carried out aggravated the mischief. Had the German Government taken the world into its confidence, ascertained as nearly as possible the amount of silver it had in circulation, decided how much of this was needed by it, and frankly stated how it would dispose of the excess, it would at any rate have prevented ignorance and the uncertainty and panic that are bred of ignorance. Other countries would have

known exactly the facts with which they had to deal, and would have been able to take their measures intelligently. The market would have adapted itself to the provisional state of things; and the German Government itself would have been in a position to profit by the criticism of experts. It preferred, however, to conduct its operations in secret. Nobody knows exactly how much silver Germany still has to sell, or at what price it will dispose of it, or at what moment. There is the uneasy feeling that the instant an improvement occurs a sum will be thrown on the market large enough to depress it, and consequently the depression continues. It is, in fact, the German supply, not the increased production of the mines, which has chiefly caused the depreciation. In 1877, for example, the total quantity of silver imported into this country from the United States was only 2,615,000*l.*, while the import from Germany was 13,747,000*l.*, or about five times as much. Indeed, it will be observed, the German import was almost equal to the whole production of the world in that year. The import never before reached so high a figure, but the knowledge that an indefinitely large supply existed, and was kept back only in the hope that the price would improve, acted upon dealers quite as powerfully as if the metal had actually been offered in the market. In the period 1872-7 inclusive, the imports of silver from Germany exceeded 23,000,000*l.*, and, supposing that only 7,000,000*l.* were disposed of elsewhere, we have a total of 30,000,000*l.* in the six years, or 5,000,000*l.* per annum on an average sold by Germany alone. In other words, the direct result of the demonetization of silver by Germany has been the same as if the production of the mines had been increased five millions a year. Of course the secrecy in which Germany wrapped her policy greatly magnified the effect. The sums she had to dispose of were grossly exaggerated, and the fear was always present to the minds of dealers that she might at any moment ruin them by suddenly flooding the market. Indirectly also there was the effect of the contraction of the demand, as Germany had previously been a consumer of silver.

The obvious conclusion from what we have been saying is that, the cause being temporary, the effect also must be temporary. The truth of this inference, however, depends upon the willingness of other nations to restore the old state of things as soon as the German supply is exhausted. There is reason for assuming the existence of this willingness. At the Paris Conference last summer France still expressed the opinion, often previously enunciated by M. Léon Say, that the fall of price is only a fluctuation. And Italy clung to the double standard. Austria stated that she preserved an expectant attitude, and Holland wished to be guided by the action of the Indian Government. Thus there is a considerable probability that a full remonetization of silver outside Germany and the Scandinavian kingdoms might take place if the German stock of the metal were disposed of. But to this it is essential that no inducement should be offered to any country to part with its silver. The experience of Germany has been a warning to her neighbours. In spite of the immense war indemnity, her finances have suffered heavily from the losses incurred in her coinage operations, which at the end of eight years are still incomplete. Were any other Government to follow her example it would suffer still more severely. It would begin to sell its silver in market excessively depreciated. The best safeguard against further change is thus the difficulty of selling any large quantity of silver, and the certain heavy loss that would follow an attempt at a sale. Prudent Governments will be careful not to weaken this safeguard by giving attention to proposals which would offer a premium upon heavy sales. It does not seem that they will have to exercise their patience very long now. The estimates generally received put the amount still to be disposed of by Germany at about 15,000,000*l.*, or not very much more than she exported to England in 1877. A revived demand in India in consequence of the Afghan war and an improvement in trade would absorb the amount in a year.

REVIEWS.

MCCARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES.*

MR. McCARTHY has undertaken a difficult and an ambitious task. A History of England during the reign of the present Queen is not only a welcome addition to current literature, but is the very work which most readers would like to have, if only, when undertaken, it was found to be well done. To write such a History well, however, demands a combination of qualities which is not very easy to realize. The History must be just and yet entertaining, and a man who writes of his contemporaries is apt to combine partisanship with smartness, or moderation with dullness. It must give enough of facts to be a history, and yet must not seem like an abridgment of the *Annual Register*. Above all, it must be on the right scale. Successive subjects must be treated not only in the right spirit, but at the right length, and this is perhaps the hardest part of the task. In short, nothing would justify the attempt but success; and in reading these volumes our first feeling is that of wonder that any one should have been found

* *A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress.* By Justin McCarthy. London: Chatto & Windus. 1879.

to succeed as Mr. McCarthy has succeeded. He is always lively without being flippant. He is sympathetic without being gushing. He pronounces opinions without the air of dogmatism. He is scrupulously just, not as if he screwed justice out of his conscientiousness, but because he likes being fair to every one. Above all, he has conquered the difficulty of saying enough and not too much. With rare exceptions he instructs without wearying, and drops a topic when he has done with it, and is capable of the heroic sacrifice of leaving materials unused in order that the picture he presents may not be overloaded with details. Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval. This is a really good book on a really interesting subject, and words piled on words could say no more for it. To urge such objections as suggest themselves, it may however be added that Mr. McCarthy, in imitation perhaps of Mr. Carlyle's *French Revolution*, has thought proper to give his chapters sensational headings. The quarrel over the Ladies of the Bedchamber is headed "Question de Jupons," and the Repeal of the Corn-laws is headed "Famine forces Peel's Hand." This is rather too much in the line of comic or popular histories to be quite in keeping with the work itself, which bears the stamp of a writer who, in the midst of his liveliness, has the consciousness, not only of his own ability, but of high and serious aims. The concluding chapter, too, of the volumes now published appears to us to be a mistake. It contains a survey of the literature of the period. We fail to see the good of such a survey. It is not part of the history of the times, except in the sense that a survey of the engineers, the Governors of India, or the astronomers of the day is a part of such a history. And for literary purposes it is far too scanty and short. A very brief statement of Mr. McCarthy's literary opinions is not history; and the reader gains less than nothing by being told that about this time Sir E. Bulwer and Mr. Disraeli wrote novels in which Mr. McCarthy finds something to admire. Although, too, the scale on which Mr. McCarthy sets himself to work is for the most part properly maintained, it must be owned that there are occasional exceptions, and he sometimes seems too long in his dissertations and too short in his contributions of information.

The whole work is to be in four volumes, and is to carry the reader to the Berlin Congress. The two volumes now published take him to the end of the Crimean war. The first division of the period now covered may be said to be from the accession of the Queen to the beginning of the Peel Ministry. What difficulties had to be overcome in handling this division of his subject may be conceived when it is remembered that Mr. McCarthy had to sketch the characters and careers of persons so eminent and so different as Lord Melbourne, Lord Russell, Lord Palmerston, Lord Durham, Lord Brougham, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Stanley, Sir Robert Peel, and Prince Albert, and of minor, but still striking, personages, such as William IV., the Duke of Cumberland, and Sheil. Among events, he had to treat the Canada rebellion, the outbreak of Chartism, the institution of the penny post, and the first Chinese war. In his sketches of statesmen Mr. McCarthy is not only graphic and just, but he almost always manages to insert some sentence which in a new and original way sums up the person sketched for the reader. Thus, of Sir Robert Peel he says that his speeches told of the feelings and the inspiration of Parliament "as the ballad music of a country tells of its scenery and its national sentiments." Of Lord Russell he says:—"He had in truth much less genius than his friends and admirers believed, and a great deal more of practical strength than either friends or foes gave him credit for." After describing Lord Melbourne's affectation of levity, Mr. McCarthy remarks:—"Such a masquerading might perhaps have been excusable or even attractive in the case of a man of really brilliant and commanding talents." The character and position of Lord Durham are brought home to us by saying of him, before he went to Canada, that "there was a general impression, perhaps even among those who liked him least, that he was a sort of unemployed Caesar." These, however, are but the felicities of a clever writer. Mr. McCarthy shows himself to be at once a thoughtful and an impartial politician when he treats of such matters as Chartism, Canada, and the Chinese war. The great theme of Mr. McCarthy's book is the immense difference between the England of the Queen's youth and the England of her maturer years; the strides that have been taken in the right path, the new spirit that has pervaded politics, the desire to do right that makes itself felt even in the strife of parties. When the Queen ascended the throne there was really something of that division of England into two nations which Mr. Disraeli pourtrayed with his usual effective exaggeration in *Sybil*. The distinction has faded away, if not entirely, yet to a large extent, because there has been gradually formed a controlling tribunal of enlightened public opinion. So far as it existed at all, this opinion was in its infancy in the days of Lord Melbourne. The leaders of parties neither created nor represented it, but were rather in slow process of time moulded by it. Chartism was the last attempt England has witnessed of the desire to anticipate public opinion by the use of force; and, as such an attempt, nothing could have been more feeble or silly. But Mr. McCarthy points out with great distinctness that, if we merely consider the articles of the Charter, they were all fair subjects for the decision of public opinion; and that in recent years some of the points at issue have been decided by public opinion in favour of the Chartists. The singular proceeding known as the Opium War is described by Mr. McCarthy with his accustomed piquancy. From a moral point of view no war could be more unjustifiable. But it must be owned that to gain unjustly

and to reign justly is something like a maxim of English politics, and seems to be in accordance with that admixture of unrighteousness and righteousness, that curious turn for making the best of both worlds, which is a conspicuous element in the national character.

The next division of the subject may be taken as that which precedes the great Continental outbreak of 1848. It includes, because it finishes, the Afghan war, and it comprises the contest between the Government and O'Connell, and the repeal of the Corn-laws. Even after all the descriptions of the first Afghan war recently compiled or revived, Mr. McCarthy's account of it strikes us as singularly picturesque and vigorous. Mr. McCarthy also, before proceeding to the main subjects of this division, had to perform a task less interesting, but not less difficult, in giving a sketch of the religious movements which ended in the disruption of the Scotch and the loss to the English Church of some of its most distinguished members. The writer, however, has the great advantage of being honestly in that frame of mind which, viewing them all from the outside, can see the merits of all religious parties, and he is thus able to write so as to describe faithfully and yet give no offence to any one. When he passes to write of Ireland and O'Connell Mr. McCarthy is on ground specially his own. He knows Ireland well enough to judge accurately the position of O'Connell. Why O'Connell was not only distrusted but hated in England, why he was beloved and once all-powerful in Ireland, and why his life ended in a collapse in both countries, is described by Mr. McCarthy with the distinct touch of a writer who is sure of his facts and his inferences. O'Connell was hated in England because he combined what was thought to be a hypocritical loyalty to the Queen with a fatal and absurd animosity to the Saxon. He was beloved in Ireland because he stirred the worst as well as the best passions of the Irish. He collapsed because he was an agitator who shrank from the consequences of agitation. The Irish people were alienated by a leader who puzzled them by alternately telling them that the English Government was composed of tyrants and scoundrels, and that every order of this Government must be reverently obeyed. All this is treated of by Mr. McCarthy at ample length, and with unfailing vigour. So, too, is the Free-trade controversy. But occasionally Mr. McCarthy's plan, which mainly consists in writing essays on leading topics, leads him to pass over important subjects in the style of the dreariest annalist. It seems strange that an historian of our times should have nothing more to say of Peel's Bank Act than that it was a characteristic and important measure, or of the establishment of the Income-tax than that it was a doubtful boon. We seem to have got back to the Mrs. Markham of our youth, and expect to find a picture of a sword or a slipper at the end of the chapter. We are transported into a very different atmosphere when we get to a just and striking comparison of the agitation of O'Connell and the agitation for the Repeal of the Corn-laws, which Mr. McCarthy ends by saying that "the most impassioned Celt will admit that in the Anti-Corn-law agitation of Cobden and Bright, with its rigid truthfulness and its strict proportion between capacity and promise, there was an entirely new dignity lent to popular agitation, which raised it to the condition of statesmanship in the rough."

The next division takes us to the beginning of the Crimean war, and finally we have the Crimean war itself. The foolish and ineffective outbreak of Young Ireland was the faint echo of the great Continental commotion, and Mr. McCarthy despatches it in a strain of gentle ridicule. Two subjects succeed which afford equal openings for his perception of the comic or humorous to display itself—the woes of Don Pacifico and the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. The despatch of the English fleet to the Peiræus to enforce claims so glaringly ridiculous as those of Don Pacifico's, and the ignominious straits to which Lord Russell was reduced in having to pass a Bill of which he disapproved in order to guard against an imaginary danger of which he was the chief inventor, are fair subjects of historical mirth; and Mr. McCarthy has a fund of exuberant mirth at his command. As the volume goes on Lord Palmerston becomes more and more, if not the hero, yet the first actor of the piece; and nowhere does Mr. McCarthy show more nice discrimination and critical fairness than in treating of Lord Palmerston. In his quarrel with the Court and with Lord Russell Lord Palmerston was, Mr. McCarthy thinks, wrong; and most people would agree with him. He would keep on committing the Queen and the Cabinet without letting any one know what he was doing, and a Ministry with so wayward a member in it must inevitably break up. Mr. McCarthy also brings into strong light the curious method in which Palmerston regarded politics as a scene of his own personal struggles, and other politicians as chiefly existing in their relations to himself. The death of Sir Robert Peel mainly presented itself to him as that of a person "who would never be disposed to do him a good turn," and the death of Louis Philippe "delivered him from his most artful and inveterate enemy." But the good qualities and the great powers of Lord Palmerston are equally recognized—the good taste with which he quietly accepted his dismissal by the Queen, and the vigour he infused into the conduct of the Crimean war and into the negotiations which concluded it. A whole chapter is devoted to Mr. Gladstone, which seems rather more than even Mr. Gladstone is entitled to; but as an essay on Mr. Gladstone in which he is made neither too great nor too little, and in which his opinions and speeches are analysed with impartial penetration, the chapter perhaps deserves its large place in the work. It would be difficult to characterize Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary oratory more neatly than by Mr. McCarthy's epigrammatic account of it as a "circumgyration of

coherent words." Men interest Mr. McCarthy much more than events, and books seem to him valuable, not so much for the materials they supply, as for the indication of character they afford and the points of artistic treatment they suggest. When he gets to the Crimean war he passes lightly over the military part, having satisfied himself that it was a soldiers' war, and not a war in which there was any generalship to interest him. To correct the errors of Mr. Kinglake is one of the main duties he sets himself, and if Mr. Kinglake's paradoxes are taken seriously, the duty is not difficult to fulfil. But Mr. Kinglake is the most puzzling of writers, and, as volume after volume of his History appeared, the mystery whether his seeming admiration of his heroes was not a piece of elaborate *persiflage* grew deeper and deeper. Mr. McCarthy's account of the incidents and negotiations that preceded the war is lucid and adequate; and whenever Mr. McCarthy takes a subject in hand, he always makes himself understand it, and conveys what he has learnt to his readers. If he does not ordinarily display any great power of narration, his style lends itself to intelligible statement as readily as to entertaining comment. Where it errs, it errs, we think, on the side of the irreproachable comic. We scarcely expect an historian to tell us of the reading of the Duke of Newcastle's despatch that "in the language of Sam Weller poppies were nothing to it." But it would be very unjust to judge the book as a whole by its occasional blemishes; and such is the effect of its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy, that very few of its readers will close these volumes without looking forward with interest to the two that are to follow.

WILKINSON'S ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.*

WE gladly welcome the issue of a new edition of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*. From the date of its first publication more than forty years ago this admirable compilation has held its place as a standard work in English literature. The amount of learning, of observation, and of industry which must have gone to make it up is such as can rarely be looked for in any single author. The value of the immense store of facts accumulated for the purpose of this portrayal of early Egyptian life was enhanced by sobriety of judgment and conscientious respect for the limits of fact. With its more ambitious scope and its far wider grasp of learning Baron Bunsen's great work combined a tone of speculation, of bold and broad hypothesis, which has kept cautious scholars from committing themselves to his leading. In the modest programme in which he sought to lay down the outline of his undertaking, Sir Gardner Wilkinson disclaimed the intention of settling abstruse and mysterious questions regarding the religion of ancient Egypt, or of dissipating the mythological clouds which envelop the origin and the ethnological affinities of its people. It was enough for him to bring together the results of careful and conscientious study of monumental remains and literary records carried on upon the spot, in combination with the historical notices handed down by writers of antiquity, and made the subject of critical discussion and sifting by the learned of modern times. The great merit of his work was felt to lie in the acute observation of the writer, and his exhaustive illustration of Egyptian manners and customs as depicted upon the monuments. Such was the passion of that singular race for setting out upon their walls or other available space every detail of their life, that it may be doubted whether we have gained from the copious literature of Greece and Rome anything like the vivid conception we are able to form of the ways and doings of every day in olden time upon the banks of the Nile. And the unwearying pains taken by Sir Gardner Wilkinson in collecting and arranging his materials, throwing upon his graphic descriptions the collateral light of his extensive classical reading, and enriching the text with a profusion of faithful and admirably chosen wood-cuts, have had the result of bringing home to us the history, the arts, the manners and customs of that long bygone race, with a degree of reality which makes them seem to us like living people. Having continued to the last his Egyptian studies and researches, Sir Gardner Wilkinson left, at his death in 1875, a mass of additional notes and other materials which have been employed in the preparation of the present edition and supplemented with much fresh matter by the editor, besides having been subjected to a careful revision throughout, and brought up to the latest standard of Egyptological science. Pending the adoption of some fixed scheme of transliteration of Egyptian words and names, strongly urged by the Oriental Congress, it has been sought to give the utmost scientific precision to the equivalents assigned to the hieroglyphic forms. Egyptian ideas derived directly from Egyptian sources having become largely available in the course of the last quarter of a century, thanks to the labours of scholars both English and foreign, of whom a list is given in the preface, the loose information handed down by the classical authorities of Greece and Rome is now but of secondary value. A new and more authentic tone has been imparted to the work throughout. Whilst but little of the original text has

* *The Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*. By Sir Gardner Wilkinson, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. A New Edition, revised and corrected by Samuel Birch, L.L.D., D.C.L., Keeper of the Egyptian and Oriental Antiquities in the British Museum, &c. 3 vols. with Illustrations. London: John Murray. 1878.

omitted, a store of fresh facts and views has been incorporated in the work, the new materials which have been drawn from the author's MSS. being designated by the initials G. W., the contributions of the editor by the letters S. B.

Concurrently with the progress made of late years in the decipherment of the monumental inscriptions there has been a collapse of belief in the chroniclers or historians on whose fragmentary notices all previous knowledge of ancient Egypt had been built up. Whether it had been the policy of the priesthood to play upon the credulity of inquirers like Hecateus and Herodotus, reserving the esoteric meaning of the national cult and the sequence of the historical and dynastic records—whether the authentic history had been but imperfectly made known to Manetho, intentionally obscured by him, or falsified by pretenders who traded upon his name—the fact is beyond dispute that the lists of early kings compiled from those authorities cannot bear the light of monumental discovery. From the nineteenth or eighteenth dynasty back to Menes there is not only hopeless confusion among the chroniclers themselves, but an utter want of correspondence with the evidence of the monuments. Sir Gardner Wilkinson had, of course, no choice but to exhibit these lists as transmitted by Herodotus and Diodorus, with the usual attempts to check and supplement them by the help of readings from the monuments or cross lights from Biblical or Babylonian records. Of later discoveries the most pertinent to Scriptural history is the recognition upon tablets, as far south as the Fayoum, of notices of the Shepherd Kings bearing the Semitic name of Shasu, or "pillagers"; their princes, called *hay*, being the *hyksos* of Manetho. Established at Memphis, four of the Shepherd Kings, Buon, Apachnas, Apappus, and Iannias, carried on war for two centuries with the southern princes, and King Asses subjected Northern Egypt. The Theban princes of the sixteenth dynasty seem to have been subject to them. They were in the end expelled by the monarchs of the eighteenth dynasty, as MM. Chabas and Maspero have told at length in their interesting history. The monuments of these Shepherd Kings found at Tanis represent them, as Dr. Birch urges, with Asiatic features, and with other characteristics very different in type from the Egyptians. At the same time all evidence goes to substantiate the derivation of the Egyptian race from no Ethiopic or other African stem, but from a source to the east of the Isthmus of Suez, and consequently Asiatic in origin, the primitive Nigritic inhabitants being by this invasion expelled from the Nile Valley. Nile or Neel means river, there being the Neel-el-Azrek, the Blue or, more properly, the Black Nile, in contradistinction to the Neel-el-Abiad, the White Nile. A similar division marks both the Hebrew designation of the country and the usage of the monuments; the plural form *Mizraim*, the "two Misr," denoting Upper and Lower Egypt, the white crown on the head of the sovereign being typical of the south, the red crown of the north. The origin of the name Egypt, applied originally both to the land and the river, which has come down to us through the Greek form, has always been open to conjecture. It has of late been thought traceable to *Ha-ka-ptah*, the sacred name of Memphis. Pharaoh is no longer held derivable, as Sir G. Wilkinson once held, from the Egyptian *Per* or *Phre* (pronounced *Phra*), the sun; still less, as Josephus supposed, from *ouro*, "king," but is traced to *Per-da*, the great house or court, suggesting to us the analogy of the "sublime porte." It is only in the Hebrew form that the title comes down to us. The royal high priests, of whom a series of three hundred and forty-five were shown to Herodotus, had, he tells us, the title "*piromis*, the son of a *piromis*." The word *rōmī*, signifying "man," is found in the later Demotic and Coptic, the idea in the old language being expressed by *rot*. No deity, the priests asserted, had ever ruled or lived upon earth; yet in works of imagination deciphered of late years the gods are represented as coming upon the earth and walking there, and the historical lists supposed that they reigned upon earth. Beyond the human dynasties, beginning with Menes in the Manethonic and Greek lists, the reigns of Osiris and other gods fill up fabulous lengths of time, settled on authentic history dating in no sense earlier than the reign of Usertesen I., of the sixteenth dynasty, whom Sir G. Wilkinson conceives to be the Pharaoh of Joseph (*circa* 1740-1697 B.C.). It is under Thothmes III. that he considers the Exodus to have taken place, whilst Brugsch's latest researches refer that event to the reign of Meneptah I., the son and successor of Rameses II. There is nothing to be wondered at in the absence of any notice of such a discomfiture among the royal records, and in the consequent difficulty of assigning to it a definite place in the chronology of Egypt.

Among the points more decisively cleared up in the present edition is the system of nomes (in the native language, *Sep* or *Hesep*, or sometimes *Tash*), which formed the keystone of the internal scheme of government, going as far back as the dawn of Egyptian history. On monuments of the fourth dynasty some nomes are mentioned by name, as are also the towns belonging to them, the same names reappearing on monuments of the Ptolemaic and Roman times. Upper Egypt had twenty-two nomes, Lower Egypt twenty—the total being forty-two nomes. The numbers are variously given by the Greek historians. The number thirty-six is explained, in a papyrus quoted by Brugsch, as resting on a peculiar mystical or astrological view which connected the terrestrial division into nomes with the thirty-six ruling houses of the heavens. Both in the terrestrial and the celestial Egypt the first nome—that of the first ruler—was dedicated to the goddess of the star Sothis (Sirius). The twelve kings who,

according to Herodotus, reigned over all Egypt, were most probably governors of the twelve principal nomes, not of all Egypt, but of the Delta, to which Strabo gives ten, and Ptolemy twenty-four, and which in later times contained thirty-five, including the oasis of Ammon. From the great Harris and other papyri a flood of light has been thrown upon Egyptian tenets and practices in relation to religion, moral teachings, the state of the soul after death, the final judgment, and the constitution of the invisible world. The metempsychosis is shown by the Ritual to have been an ancient Egyptian doctrine, the soul of man transforming itself in the after state into the form of a man, the god Ptah, Osiris, the chief of the gods, a hawk, heron, swallow, serpent, crocodile, or lotus-flower; in fact, any form the deceased wished. Besides the soul, *ba*, represented as a hawk with a human head, man had a shade, *khebi*, a spirit or intelligence, *khu*, into which he became wholly changed or absorbed as a "being of light," and an existence, *ka*, in addition to *ankh*, life. The soul, *ba*, alone revisited the body. It is thought to have been immortal. Much of the Egyptian psychology seems to have passed into the Hebrew system of belief, though the future state, perhaps by way of natural reaction from its excessive hold on Egyptian thought, had little or no place in the Mosiac economy or creed. On the other hand, amongst ideas connecting the Egyptian religion with the Greek may be cited the *Aahenu Aaru*, or *Aalu*, the Elysian fields, depicted in the 110th chapter of the Ritual, cultivated by the departed spirits or manes, and producing divine or supernatural corn. Mysterious roads led to this paradise, and it was surrounded by a wall of iron pierced by many gates, and traversed by a river with branches in many respects resembling the Hebrew or Babylonian Eden. The fifth chapter of the Ritual has for its subject "The Avoiding of Work in Hades; or, How the Departed Soul may be Spared the Toil of the Field." With this view, the curious little figures called *Ushetiu*, or "respondents" of wood or vitrified earthenware, alabaster, rarely of metal, were laid on the breast of the corpse in the mummy coffin. Most of these statuettes hold in their arms, which are crossed over the chest in imitation of the attitude of Osiris, a hoe and a bag of seed. They were supposed to answer the call for help, and to act as labourers for transporting the sand of the West to the East, to till the sacred fields and water the furrows. Great numbers of them have been found in royal tombs. This singular trait of Egyptian belief and usage forms the subject of the final note with which the editor has enriched the original work.

There is scarcely a page that does not attest the unflagging pains no less than the critical learning which Dr. Birch has lavished upon his task. In some places, as in the chapter upon the music of the Egyptians, he has made judicious retrenchments, whilst retaining all that was needful to set before the reader the manifold forms of instruments shown by the tablets, tombs, or rolls, without undue digression into the boundless field of primitive harmonics and the musical lore of all nations. This admirable manual of Egyptian history, art, and archaeology has gained a new and more sterling value from having been retouched throughout by a master hand.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF SYDNEY DOBELL.*

WE fear it must be said that life is not long enough for books like this biography of Mr. Sydney Dobell. Mr. Dobell was a man who well deserved that some record of his pure and generous character, of his thoughts and purposes (most of them thwarted by bad health and domestic cares), should be compiled. But the nine hundred pages of the work before us would more than suffice for the story of the life of a thinker and an invalid as great as Pascal. It is pure waste of time and space to record all the phases of the health, to print so many of the letters, the scraps, the old reviews of Mr. Dobell. His friends, who were many, may be interested in these things; but for the world the book is too heavily handicapped. To have done with fault-finding, it must be said that too much is told us in these volumes about that interesting creature, Blank. There are too many passages like this:—

Some time ago B— got me to write a sketch of Dr. Simpson for his *Men of the Time*. As I wished — to have the money for it, and — had commissions to do other portraits for B—, I sent my sketch to B— through —; who, in addition to giving it to B—, used it in a New York paper. There was no great harm in that, if B— was "agreeable," but — did more; he inserted in my sketch—inlaying them so that one could suppose they were interpolated—slanders upon some of my best Edinburgh friends (the Blackies).

This is like nothing in the world but Humpty Dumpty's poem:—

There said that I had been to her
And mentioned you to him,
They gave me a good character,
But said he could not swim.

Very often the blanks are too thin a disguise. Thus Mr. Dobell writes about a Professor Blank who—had a new Greek book to prepare for the University classes, and every morning he sat down to it. As soon as he was in deep, the house began to ring. . . . The sudden lapse into silence gave one the feeling of falling out of window; &c.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots whom Bruce hae (*sic*) often led,
Welcome—

* *The Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell*. Edited by E. J. With Steel Portrait and Photographic Illustrations. London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

profound stillness—

And for bonnie Annie Laurie

I—

dead silence for five minutes. Fancy this going on for hours in a voice that could be heard all over the house.

Surely this particular Blank prepares his lectures for classes neither in Aberdeen, Glasgow, nor St. Andrews. Certainly we have heard that voice on board the *Clansman*, drowning the noise of the storm and of the piper!

The *Life and Letters of Sydney Dobell* is infinitely too long, and far too full of transparent mysteries. It might have been condensed into a study of a curious and interesting personality. Mr. Dobell, who was born in 1824, was a descendant of a Cavalier family. His immediate ancestors had fallen into ways which, on the whole, were rather Puritan. They were members of what they called "The Church," a Church which at one moment was chiefly composed of the sons-in-law of a Mr. Thomson. Family quarrels intensified the sectarian disputes which rent this Church; but Mr. Dobell never lost the "freethinking Christian" ideas of which he was a disciple and, in very early life, an exponent. His father, a business man who led a singularly retired life, seems almost to have hoped that the promising boy might possibly "be called out as a special instrument of our Heavenly Father for some great purpose with His Church, or with the Jews." Young Dobell was educated at home, and in childhood devoted his thoughts a good deal to the Trinitarian controversy. It is curious to note how the old ideas about the Millennium and the battle of Armageddon clung to him. He hoped to write a kind of millennial epic, and during the Crimean war he was interested in the Apocalyptic philology of persons who identified Armageddon with Sebastopol. Even when he was a boy, he worked too hard and thought too much. He fell in love at the age of fifteen with the lady whom he married, and it is certain that "a long engagement" (which terminated happily when the poet was twenty-one) must have been a severe ordeal. But for his love of the open air—of riding, angling, shooting, and other sports—this premature young gentleman might have become a person of colossal conceit. His friendship with the late Mr. Gilliland, a critic who had a generous, if indiscreet, way of discovering and pushing obscure poets, probably confirmed him in the belief that he was "a mouth of the Muse." In his early boyhood Campbell had said that, "with care," he might become a poet. Sydney Dobell does not seem to have spared care, but he did not think enough about his audience. Mr. Dante Rossetti has well remarked that thought for a poet's hearers is absolutely necessary. Mr. Dobell's works were rather fantastic and were constantly misunderstood. He himself was happy in the belief that his *Balder* must receive recognition as soon as England had a truly great poetical critic. The advent of the critic who shall see *Balder* with the eyes of Mr. Dobell is still expected. Perhaps a man of talent who saw far more in all the productions of art and nature than his neighbours could behold saw also more than the common eye could detect in his own epic. Himself an unpopular poet, he "was quite certain that the populace knows nothing about poetry, and that the worst testimony any poem could receive would be that they, unled, and of their own mere emotion, voluntarily adopted and admired it." Yet, in the long run, the voice of the world and of the ages is found to be at one with the verdict of the soundest critics. It is difficult, indeed, to remember the name of a poet of great and signal merit who has not, sooner or later, won the popular ear.

Mr. Dobell was little influenced by criticism, and rather inclined to fancy that the writing of poetry was a thing between a man and his Maker. Unfortunately, the selling of poetry is a thing between a man and the public. Thus Mr. Dobell's early *succès d'estime* with *The Roman* (1850) was more brilliant than that which he won by *Balder* (1853-54), while his *England in Time of War* did not gain the popularity which many of the poems in the volume seem to deserve. As a critic of the performances of others, however, he showed very great acuteness and common sense. No one could better describe the position of the late Mr. Dawson, the lecturer, than he did, (vol. i. p. 130), in a passage which is not too enthusiastic. *Aurora Leigh* did not persuade him that a woman can be a poet, and when he read the first verses of Alexander Smith, who afterwards became his friend, he could not help feeling that he had already met with the more ambitious images in which that writer dealt. The constant misfortunes which made Mr. Dobell a wanderer in search of climate or medical advice, the long malady of his wife, and his own frequent accidents and illnesses, broke up the plan of his life and of his work. It is impossible to say what he might have done; it is certain that in his ballad of *Keith of Ravelston*, and in his *Song of Sleep* (to mention only these two examples), he gave positive proof that he was indeed, and at moments, a poet. Poetry we cannot define, but we have a sense of its existence, whether it be present or absent. In several of Mr. Dobell's writings it is undeniably present.

It is impossible here to follow the whole story of Mr. Dobell's life, his migrations from Coxhoe to Edinburgh, to Clifton, to Italy. In Edinburgh he pitched his camp for several years, and was a figure of considerable importance in the society of that city, where he good-humouredly bore with the fun of *Firminian* and the chaff of Aytoun. The kind things he did and said live after him and "blossom in the dust." The young men whom he described as "not fit for anything but literature, and not fit for that," found in him a most generous and judicious friend. He really

took pains with the manuscripts which these obtrusive lads sent him in hosts, and, when occasion offered, his purse as well as his advice were at the service of those who appealed to him. The austerity of his character—perhaps, too, a slight want of humour—is revealed by his indignation at the remarks of a lady who "marvelled that a poet should be a good young man." The lady ought certainly not to have put her amazement into words; but, as a matter of history, poets of merit have very rarely been "good young men." There is something much worse, however, than a poet who is a bad young man, and that is a poetaster who thinks it his duty to be dissipated. Mr. Dobell may have seen a good deal of this common and most disgusting form of affectation.

The too numerous letters published in this volume contain expressions of Mr. Dobell's opinions about a variety of subjects. He was one of the earliest and most energetic of English believers in a free and united Italy. His letter to Mazzini (vol. i. p. 199) is written in that style of almost too exuberant enthusiasm which some admirers of the great Italian are accustomed to employ. Mazzini himself (his criticism of Victor Hugo proves it) was most temperate in the use of fine language, and his reply to Mr. Dobell seems more like the letter of an Englishman to an Italian than of an Italian to an Englishman. It was natural that Mr. Dobell should differ from the policy of the *Times* in 1853, but it seems rather curious to-day that he should write, "Of all the clever, powerful, prosperous, doubly-damned profligates, it is, I think, the most consummate."

In his political opinions Mr. Dobell was, unawares, rather commonplace. He began life as a Liberal, he ended it as a Conservative. He always was on the side of freedom, however, in Italian matters, and, to tell the truth, the blending of his political notions was not unlike that which we admire in Colonel Newcome. He was interested by the obscure and, as it then seemed, dramatic character of the late Emperor of the French. Here is a curious passage from a letter written during the fever of the Crimean war:

A report came to Edinburgh last night that the Emperor of Russia is dead: but I fear it is mis-telegraphed for the Empress, who has been dying for some time. Till this solution struck me, my blood ran back cold with the divineness of the catastrophe.

It may still be true, and if true who shall foresee the next step of the Angel? If true, it casts a curious glare upon Louis Napoleon's indomitable determination to go to the Crimea. I should be inclined to think that Nicholas died of the "disease of Russian Sovereigns," and that the dark fatal French Emperor had warning of the conspiracy. . . .

His opinion about three distinguished English statesmen is thus expressed:

It seems to me, after long and careful observation, that Mr. Disraeli is the most adroit and audacious acrobat that ever turned somersaults at Westminster; that Mr. Gladstone is a political talkie-talkee, with neither the eye nor the hand for government; and that Mr. Bright is a forcible rather than a powerful man, in whom talents, originally fitted for the stump than the council room, have been so stimulated and biased by the life of a professional agitator, that he can perceive no subtler organization than that of a mass-meeting, and is incapable of any nobler public duty than the vulgar work of demolition.

In the Franco-German war Mr. Dobell, like the majority of his countrymen, sided with the Germans till Sedan, after which he sympathized vigorously with the French. He wrote a very long letter to a newspaper, in which he said that "the German arrogance was as much above the usual lust and swagger of conquest, as Anti-Christ transcends the peddling of common sinners," &c. "The editor to whom these letters were sent declined to print them," and it is a pity that the biographer of Mr. Dobell has not imitated the discreet editor.

The later years of Mr. Dobell's life were embittered by long and severe illness, increased, and perhaps caused, by a series of accidents. His spine appears to have been injured by two unfortunate falls, one from horseback, the other into a pit among some ruins. The leisure which he enjoyed for the greater part of his career was thus broken up and made, for literary purposes, almost useless. His patience and courage in the midst of the suffering which robbed him of time and strength seem to have been admirable and exemplary. His private life and character appears to have deserved the praise conveyed in a stanza quoted by his biographer:

High nature, amorous of the good,
But touched with no ascetic gloom.

This might have been made apparent in a biography of briefer extent, and by aid of much more concise epistolary extracts.

HUXLEY'S HUME.*

THE history of philosophy may be likened to a gallery of arms and armour, where we see ranged in due order the weapons borne by many champions of old time. Here are marshalled, with imposing show, the suits of harness which adorned mediæval tournaments, so cumbrously complete, so bristling with manifold devices of defence, that we marvel how human beings encased in them can ever have moved their limbs. The ponderous lances and unwieldy partisans would be harmless against a modern trooper who knew the elements of his business. As we go further, our sight is caught by arms of more practical and modern fashion. Here stands the rapier of Descartes—a goodly sword in its day, piercing and true of temper, but something stiff and

* English Men of Letters. Edited by John Morley. *Hume*. By Professor Huxley. London: Macmillan & Co. 1879.

antique. The duello was still a formal and stately ceremony when its hilt was grasped by the living hand. Hard by, in the compartment dedicated to our own heroes, is much for the eye to admire. Hobbes's blade is a stout Andrew Ferrara, fit to deal shrewd blows alike with edge and with point. Lockel's is a solid English weapon, mounted a trifle too heavily for the present taste, but of right good metal, and serviceable in all essential respects. When we come to Berkeley and Hume, the perfection of workmanship is attained. Hume's arm is the small-sword, the king of single weapons ; and its qualities are unsurpassed. Never can man hope to handle an instrument more keen, more flexible, or more justly balanced. Science wages war on the grand scale, and wins victories with her new artillery ; but she will scarcely help the combatant who fights for his own hand to better Hume's cunning of fence. Happy is he who is swordsman enough to perceive the beauty of the weapon ; happy also are they to whom a guide himself expert in arms is ready to show its uses and recount its exploits. Such a guide is Mr. Huxley ; his own steel is not apt to lie idle for long together, and, unless we are much mistaken, he disdains not the joy of battle. Certain it is that in more than one quarrel he has so borne himself as to teach opposers to beware of him. From no one could we hope to learn more profitably the points of Hume's mastery.

To drop metaphor, Mr. Huxley combines many qualifications for helping a generation which is in danger of forgetting Hume and his work to understand them better. Not only is he thoroughly acquainted with Hume's writings, but he is skilled in the art of exposition, and his manner, if it does not attempt the subtle felicity of the original, deserves to be compared with it for lucidity. Not the least pleasure that we find in Professor Huxley's work is that of having for once a philosophical book written in clear and plain English. Year after year we have seen men of great ability and critical powers, notably the ingenious Oxford editors of Hume himself, distorting the English language into a copy of the most obscure manner of German philosophers ; and it seemed to us a shame and a rebuke that such things should be in a country whose native masters of philosophy have also been masters of style. Professor Huxley comes opportunely to redress the balance. We have the greatest respect for Mr. Green's intellect, although we wholly differ from him on the main questions of philosophy. But our general recollection of his *Introduction to Hume* is that nobody can hope to understand it who has not read Hume first, and a good deal of later philosophy besides. Professor Huxley takes the old-fashioned view of an introduction ; and, while he deals with philosophical questions no whit less thoroughly than Mr. Green, he has so ordered matters that, if any reader fails to understand him, with or without previous knowledge of Hume or later philosophy, it will certainly not be the writer's fault.

We may pass lightly over the account of Hume's life, which is only just so much as may serve to preface the real business. In some incidental remarks on the political essays we are of opinion that Professor Huxley somewhat overrates the author's sagacity in that direction. It appears to us that in politics Hume is at his weakest. His conceptions of the springs and currents of public action are but poor and mechanical, not only as judged by the standard of later historical science, but when we regard what was being done in his own day by his great contemporary Montesquieu. In Montesquieu we find already vigorous that which is now commendably, if not adequately, called the historical spirit. He treats men as organically, not identically, alike ; he allows for the varying influences of race, belief, custom, and circumstance ; he understands that human institutions have elements which grow and are not made, and even the most absurd show a certain relative fitness by the mere fact of their continuance. Hume has nothing of all this. He considers forms of government as things which can be made to order, and sketches out an ideal constitution without any reference whatever to place or persons ; admitting, indeed, that it would not be wise in practice to try sweeping experiments, "the bulk of mankind being governed by authority, not reason." The amount of political foresight which he obtained by this method of speculation may be seen in his prediction of absolute monarchy as the true euthanasia of the British Constitution. But there is nothing peculiar to Hume in these defects ; they were the common ones of his time, and persisted long afterwards. Another weakness which he shared with the best Scottish society of the day was a vehement dislike of England and Englishmen, which, if Dr. Johnson may be taken as fairly representing English opinion, by no means went unrequited as to Scots in general or Hume in particular.

Turning to the account of Hume's philosophy, we find it dealt with in broad outlines, as was useful in the space at command, but nothing material omitted. While Professor Huxley does not dissemble his admiration for Hume, he is far too sincere an expounder ever to become a flatterer. The shortcomings of Hume's psychology, the opening made by them for Kant, and the necessity and value of Kant's contribution to philosophy, are distinctly pointed out. Descartes also, of whose writings Hume seems to have had but little knowledge or appreciation, receives due honour in more than one place ; and Professor Huxley does not hesitate to call him the father of modern philosophy. The reader is not assumed to be provided with any technical knowledge ; and this part of the book faces at the outset the question of what philosophy is and what it aims at. Philosophy is described as being fundamentally the answer to the question, What can I know ? — the inquiries of science being distinguished from this by seeking

an answer in every case in terms of what is actually known. The science of psychology, however, being, among other things, the science of what knowledge actually is, and how it in fact arises, has a peculiar connexion with the problems of philosophy. Its business is to furnish the data of philosophy ; and we cannot have a satisfactory treatment of philosophical questions unless there is a groundwork of scientific psychology, and the philosopher has enough scientific training to make a right use of it :—

On whatever ground we term physiology science, psychology is entitled to the same appellation ; and the method of investigation which elucidates the true relations of the one set of phenomena will discover those of the other. Hence, as philosophy is, in great measure, the exponent of the logical consequences of certain data established by psychology ; and as psychology itself differs from physical science only in the nature of its subject-matter, and not in its method of investigation, it would seem to be an obvious conclusion, that philosophers are likely to be successful in their inquiries, in proportion as they are familiar with the application of scientific method to less abstruse subjects ; just as it seems to require no elaborate demonstration, that an astronomer, who wishes to comprehend the solar system, would do well to acquire a preliminary acquaintance with the elements of physics. And it is accordant with this presumption, that the men who have made the most important positive additions to philosophy, such as Descartes, Spinoza, and Kant, not to mention more recent examples, have been deeply imbued with the spirit of physical science ; and, in some cases, such as those of Descartes and Kant, have been largely acquainted with its details. On the other hand, the founder of Positivism no less admirably illustrates the connexion of scientific incapacity with philosophical incompetence. In truth, the laboratory is the fore-court of the temple of philosophy ; and whoso has not offered sacrifices and undergone purification there, has little chance of admission into the sanctuary.

We doubt whether Hume would have gone so far as Professor Huxley in making familiarity with the practical work of some natural science a necessary condition of philosophical competence. Nor are we clear how far Professor Huxley really means to go. Does he intend to exclude mathematics and mathematical physics on the one side, and the scientific study of philology, law, politics, and history on the other, from the branches of knowledge capable of affording the needful discipline in method to a student of philosophy ? If so, we must venture to differ from him ; but this can hardly be his opinion ; for Hume himself "seems to have had very little acquaintance even with such physiology as was current in his time." If, again, Professor Huxley means to imply that knowing physiology will of itself be enough to save a man from failure in philosophy, we must differ on that point also. Such knowledge will indeed save one from taking certain kinds of nonsense for philosophy ; and the same thing is equally true, and is hardly less overlooked, as regards the elements of general physics. But a man may be a very good craftsman in the physical or intellectual workshop of a special science, and yet may have no aptitude for seizing the point of a philosophical question. Philosophy cannot take people's competence on trust on the strength of their achievements in other departments any more than physiology or law. We fully agree with Mr. Huxley, however, as to the credit Hume deserves for seeing the necessity of a scientific psychology. He was here on the path of Descartes and Locke, but he followed it with such native genius and vigour as to make it his own. So far, indeed, is Hume from being open to any charge of imitation that he may rather be censured for not having taken even ordinary pains to acquaint himself with existing philosophical literature. Thus his work would have been the better, as Mr. Huxley points out, if he had known Spinoza's analysis of the passions.

The account of the human mind and its furniture which Hume actually gave is here set forth clearly and critically. His omission to note that perceptions, or in his own terminology "impressions" of relation are an elementary class by themselves is carefully discussed and corrected ; and it is explained how Kant "started afresh on the track indicated by Descartes," and brought into prominence "the great fact that co-existence and succession are mental phenomena not given in the mere sense experience." Professor Huxley deserves the thanks of all those readers, probably an appreciable number, who have not time to grapple with the *Kritik* for themselves, and have sought in vain for a clear statement of what Kant actually did among the endless controversies of commentators who for the most part expound their author on the principle of *obscurum per obscurius*, and are far too much occupied with maintaining their rival interpretations in detail to think of affording help to a simple inquirer.

The physiological aspect of Hume's psychology gives occasion for some brief but weighty remarks as to the speculative indifference of his doctrine between materialism and idealism. If we establish a strict and unvarying connexion between the facts of consciousness and certain facts of matter and motion taking place in the brain and nervous system, yet matter and motion themselves are names for "other phenomena of consciousness" :—

All material changes appear, in the long run, to be modes of motion ; but our knowledge of motion is nothing but that of a change in the place and order of our sensations ; just as our knowledge of matter is restricted to those feelings of which we assume it to be the cause.

Pure idealism, therefore, is incapable of disproof on scientific grounds ; "the more completely the materialistic position is admitted, the easier is it to show that the idealistic position is unassailable, if the idealist confines himself within the limits of positive knowledge" ; or rather, perhaps, if he takes care not to contradict any matter of positive knowledge. For if he could bring himself "within the limits of positive knowledge" as understood by Professor Huxley and ourselves he would reduce metaphysics to a pure science. The point here made is one which it is essential to understand if one is to enter on the discussion of meta-

physical problems with any chance of a profitable issue; it is also constantly misunderstood in this country, and Professor Huxley has done very well to mark it with a certain emphasis. We should have been glad if he could have seen his way to pursue it further; but to do so would have been a digression from his text, as Hume studiously leaves the matter at large.

The short chapter on Necessary Truths gives a compendious view of the empirical theory as built on Hume's lines, with certain corrections by his followers. Professor Huxley's own summary of his conclusion is as follows:—

If what are called necessary truths are rigidly analysed, they will be found to be of two kinds. Either they depend on the convention which underlies the possibility of intelligible speech, that terms shall always have the same meaning; or they are propositions the negation of which implies the dissolution of some association in memory or expectation, which is in fact indissoluble; or the denial of some fact of immediate consciousness.

We would add that the canon already noticed is here applicable, that the question of what we can know implies the question of what we do know. If we have knowledge transcending the limits of our possible experience, then must we look beyond experience for its origin. If not, then we have in experience and association, working on our already organized capacity for perceptions, a sufficient *vera causa* for the phenomena of so-called necessary beliefs, and it is useless to seek further. Here the speculations of modern geometry, still unfamiliar to students of philosophy, have an important philosophical bearing to which Professor Clifford, we believe, was the first to call attention in this country.

The famous essay on Miracles is analysed and criticized with some severity; and the criticism, as regards the actual inconsistencies of Hume's language, is just enough. But we conceive that hardly sufficient allowance is made by Professor Huxley for Hume's deliberate irony, which in this essay is at its height. Hume cared very little for establishing any position of his own, so that he could leave his adversaries in confusion. He is arguing against people who define a miracle as a violation of the laws of nature, and thence infer that the supposed miraculous event is pre-appointed evidence of an agency superior to nature. And he shows that this definition involves a plain contradiction—a feat which may now seem tolerably easy, for the very reason that on this point Hume was thoroughly successful. The theory of miracles current in the last century, which was itself a pretty modern invention, is now as completely exploded among theologians as among philosophers. An excellent specimen of the effect of Hume's work may be seen in Babbage's *Ninth Bridgewater Treatise*, where the whole question is raised to a higher level. As to Hume's language, it seems to us that in this and other parts of his writings the apparent laxity is nothing but an ironical adoption of the phrases affected or passed as current by the other side. Even in the *Dialogues concerning Natural Religion*, a work to which far too little attention has been paid, and in which there is a genuine endeavour to do justice to all sides of the argument, it is difficult to be sure where dialectic irony ends and the serious definition of possible conclusions begins. Professor Huxley manfully undertakes this task, in which, however, we are unable to follow him. Nor can we do more than barely mention his account of Hume's moral system. Its high and strenuous tone should alone be enough to silence those ingenuous and charitable persons who go about assuring the public that Professor Huxley and other men of science are materialists, and that no materialist has any business to be a good man. But we can feel no serious regret in being thus cut short; for the book sufficiently explains itself, and we have done our part in giving some general notion of its quality. Besides its value as an exposition of Hume's thought, it will be found of great use as a first introduction to modern philosophy; and we could almost hope that it might convert some of the educated readers of older growth who have given up philosophy as hopeless or repulsive.

L'IDÉE DE JEAN TÉTEROL.*

IT has been lately said in the pages of a literary magazine that the horror with which many good English men and women regard French novels in the abstract is not altogether unreasonable; and in this statement there is, no doubt, a certain amount of truth. French novelists, for reasons which Mr. Hamerton pointed out in his *Round my House*, are apt to deal with subjects which we have not the least desire to see introduced into English fiction, and there is probably no English romance so profoundly immoral as some French ones which set up for inculcating virtue. But there is another side to the question, which the majority of English novel-readers are too apathetic and too ignorant to perceive. It is not improbable that, in many cases, a stern disapprobation of anything improper is a convenient excuse for not encountering the difficulties of an unfamiliar tongue, and it is more than probable that various worthy people who regard the name of M. Feuillet with something like holy horror are unaware that in his early days he was accused of writing too exclusively for bread-and-butter misses, and was called the "Musset des familles." The English, or rather American, translation which has appeared of M. Cherbuliez's *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* should have some effect

* *L'Idée de Jean Téterol.* Par Victor Cherbuliez. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

The *Wish of his Life*. From the French of V. Cherbuliez. 2 vols. London: Bentley & Son.

in convincing devourers of novels that it is possible for a French master of fiction to produce a book which is both interesting and harmless.

Some time ago, when we had occasion to review a work by M. Cherbuliez—*Samuel Brohl et Compagnie*—we expressed our admiration of the daring and success with which he reversed a method commonly in use among novelists. He had for the basis of his story such a secret as Gaboriau would have artfully concealed from the reader till the very last moment, enmeshing it with numberless subsidiary mysteries. M. Cherbuliez boldly revealed this secret at the beginning of the novel, and depended for the interest to be aroused upon a desire to see how the personages of the story discovered, and how they were affected by, a thing known to the reader but unknown to them. In a certain sense this might be called a more dramatic device than the one more usually employed by writers of fiction, inasmuch as on the stage the spectator generally sees through the disguise of the wily villain or the virtuous detective long before the actors are supposed to do so. It certainly showed a contempt for all tricky ways of catching attention which is even more strongly exemplified in the work by M. Cherbuliez we are now considering. *Samuel Brohl et Compagnie* had a certain amount of what is called sensational interest, because one was never sure what would be the end of the clever rascal's schemes. *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* deals with schemes which are innocent indeed compared to those of Samuel Brohl, and of which one can readily anticipate the result. The story depends entirely upon the skilful and delicate handling of its teller, and can well afford to do so. If M. Cherbuliez had always written as he has in this instance, he might, with the help of translations, have become a serious rival to the lady novelists who delight to introduce every form of crime into their pages. Possibly Musset was as right in prophesying that what he called, before it had any definite existence, "Kitchenmaid literature" would wear itself out, as he was in predicting that its time of success in France was coming. It is, at any rate, to be hoped that the day of grace foreseen by him will come before very long to England, and that works of the calibre of *The Wish of his Life* will be preferred to the combination of the most commonplace and vulgar gabble with the most improbable feats of villainy which appears to be the chief delight at present of the ordinary English novel-reader. We have been led into this digression partly because *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* is completely unlike what the typical well-informed English reader—the kind of person who says to one with a tone of virtuous backsliding, "Paris is so wicked but so pleasant"—imagines a French novel in the abstract to be; and partly because it suggests curious speculations as to what direction the taste of French novel-readers may finally take. If the notion that French taste is much better than English were perfectly true, there could be little doubt that *L'Idée de Jean Téterol* would rank higher with the French reading public than the same author's *L'Aventure de Ladislas Boksi*, a work which has gone through several editions, and from which a lately deceased English novelist borrowed one of his most striking incidents, but which must, we think, appear to the judicious far below the simply meritorious novel which M. Cherbuliez has now produced.

Jean Téterol, a foundling, was an assistant-gardener to a certain Baron de Saligneur, who had some dislike to him:—

Il lui reprochait d'être enfermé en lui-même, absorbé dans ses pensées, taciturne, sournois. 'On ne peut pas savoir,' disait-il, 'si ce garçon vous est ami ou ennemi, ou plutôt il n'est ni l'un ni l'autre: c'est l'éternel étranger.' Il lui en voulait surtout d'avoir une tête de fer et le dos peu flexible. Le baron tenait par-dessus tout au respect, et Jean Téterol n'était pas très respectueux. Il était venu au monde avec la pensée qu'un baron de la vieille robe et un enfant trouvé si valent à peu près l'un l'autre, qu'ils ont été pétris du même limon.

One day the baron, walking, clad in an apple-green dressing-gown, in his garden, found Jean Téterol pruning a pear-tree:—

Jean Téterol faisait bien tout ce qu'il faisait, non qu'il se souciait de plaire à ceux qui l'employaient et de s'attirer leurs éloges, mais il tenait beaucoup à plaire à Jean Téterol, qui n'était pas facilement content de lui-même.

The baron, whose dislike for the foundling increased every day, upbraided him for using a pruning-knife instead of the shears, and offered to give him a lesson in gardening. Jean Téterol quietly replied that he knew his own business, and that sometimes the pruning-knife is better than the shears. The baron scolded him violently for his insolence:—

Jean l'écouta d'abord sans mot dire; bientôt, la patience lui échappant, il se mit à fredonner l'air de Malbrough. C'était la seule chanson qu'il eût apprise, et il aimait à la chanter; par malheur il avait la voix fausse, et était très appliquée à tout ce qu'il faisait, il chantait faux avec méthode et avec délices.

The baron was less displeased at his singing out of tune, or, as the American translator puts it with charming accuracy, "singing false," than with his extraordinary insolence, which he immediately punished by a violent kick. Jean Téterol fell into a fury of shame and rage. He remained for two hours meditating in a thicket. His first notion was to set the castle on fire; his second, to kill the baron unawares. He cut himself a holly stick, and examined it complacently. By degrees he grew calmer. He believed in very little, but he did believe in law courts and gendarmes, and resolved to keep clear of them. Accordingly he secretly collected his few belongings and went to say "Good-by" to the Abbé Miraud, his first patron. When the Abbé asked him whether he was going, he replied, "Ah! ça c'est mon secret, j'ai mon idée"; and when the Abbé pointed out to him that one cannot

live on an idea, he replied, "C'est égal, j'ai mon idée." So, still humming Malbrough out of tune, and supported by his idea, he set out on his way.

These events occur in the first chapter; the second takes us at once some thirty years on to the time when Jean Téterol, at the age of fifty-two, has made a handsome fortune, and in an interview with his friend Pointal, a notary, he gives sketch of his life. He had found that the Abbé Miraud was wrong, and that a man could live upon an idea. His idea gave him courage while he was a labourer to endure all kinds of privations for the sake of being able to buy books and study them hard. From being a labourer he became a mason, and a very good one. His comrades did not like him because, to quote from the translation—

I never went to the wine-shop, and had a taste for inexplicable things. There is nothing in the world more useful than the things which seem to be good for nothing. But, out of a thousand masons, how many do you find who prefer a hard book to the wine-shop? Only one, and sooner or later, with perseverance, that one makes his mark; the others remain in the lowest rank, and cry out against injustice with their hands on their hips.

From being a mason he became a contractor, and so made his fortune, the exact amount of which no one ever knew. "Avec l'âge il était devenu communicatif; il aimait à raconter ses affaires; mais, quoi qu'il racontât, il y avait toujours quelque chose qu'il ne disait pas; il joignait le parâge à la cachotterie." He had married a worthy bourgeoise, and had a son named Lionel, whom he adored. When the war broke out, Jean Téterol's first notion was that it was a conspiracy between the reigning powers of the two countries to prevent his returning to Salignieux, and he did all he could to prevent his son from serving in the French army. When Paris capitulated Jean Téterol was filled with the deepest sorrow for his country's misfortunes; but was consoled in the midst of his lamentations by a sudden recollection, and said to himself, "Well, at any rate I shall now be able to go to Salignieux." When he did go there he learnt from the Abbé that the old baron was dead, and that his son Patrice, having entirely neglected all business affairs, had been compelled to sell half his property and incur heavy mortgages on the other half. Left alone, he joined his hands together "en forme de coupe, et au fond de cette coupe il aperçut distinctement un château, une tour ronde, un pavillon cassé, des lucarnes à pinacles, une pelouse, des champs, des prés, des bois, et un baron mort qui, s'arrachant les cheveux, criait à un baron vivant, 'Quelle honte! Tu as souffert que ce diable d'homme nous prit tout! Aujourd'hui Salignieux est à lui!'"

This is of course the idea which has been such a comfort to Jean Téterol; and what finally came of it we will leave readers to find out for themselves, either in the original or in *The Wish of his Life*, only mentioning the fact that the Baron de Salignieux has a charming daughter. The plot is arranged with considerable dexterity, although there is not much of it; but, as we have already said, the attraction of the book lies in the style and the characters. The translation is neither better nor worse than such translations generally are, but some of its mistakes are curious. Its producer talks of a "lavatory" in Salignieux where linen was washed; and when a French noble is described as occupying a "petit hôtel," gives the same word in English as an equivalent. On the whole, however, the rendering is tolerable enough.

SPORT AND WORK ON THE NEPAUL FRONTIER.*

IT is by no means desirable that works concerning districts or provinces in India should proceed exclusively from the official pen. The Anglo-Indian civilian or staff-officer is generally accurate and sometimes scholarly, but his production may take the tinge of a Blue-Book. His facts may be too many for him. And, whether he is humorous and discursive, or precise and formal, or terribly in earnest, he is liable to the criticism that he understands and therefore describes only one or two sides of the native character. To him the Hindu is a wayward child, who must alternately be coaxed and bullied into the performance of his duty; or a tiresome obstructive to be summarily put out of the way; or a humble suppliant, who at last discovers, to his extreme amazement, that in the eye of the English law one man is thought to be as good as another; or a selfish and high-handed oppressor, who has to be taught, by salutary and severe chastisement, that he must not deal with his Ryots as if they were chattels and brute beasts. The planter, or merchant trading in country produce in the interior of Bombay or Bengal, has, it is often argued, opportunities of seeing the cultivator and the artisan when they are off their guard. The indigo planter, especially, has to farm large tracts of land, to drive bargains with Orientals ever ready to take advantage of his weakness or his misfortune, to collect, feed, and house scores of day labourers, to exact his rents, to enforce the performance of his contracts, and to contend, in the revenue and civil courts, with unscrupulous adversaries backed by a crowd of law agents ready for any amount of chicanery and dirty work. To such the native is no fawning parasite or baffled suitor. He must be watched and unmasked, and, in or out of court, must be confronted and beaten at his own game by the superior resources, skill, honesty, and determination of the Englishman. A picture of Oriental society drawn by a man who has got to the back of the north wind is, it is urged,

very likely to be true; and at any rate it must be striking and worth inspection.

Though we do not entirely concur in this reasoning, we have every motive for welcoming a graphic and unvarnished account of experiences gained during twelve years of a planter's life in North Behar. The author, who calls himself "Maori" in the title-page, but gives his name as Inglis in his preface, has been in charge of indigo factories in Chumparun, Tirhoot, and Purneah; or, at any rate, he has made excursions into those districts as well as the Purnea Morung and the Nepaul Terai. He entitles his volume *Sport and Work*. Charles Fox once said of a "pious fraud" that he saw the fraud plainly, but not the piety; and in like manner we may remark that for six chapters about rents, indigo, and business, there are more than twenty devoted to tigers and deer. We do not expect information showing how agriculture might be improved or the chances of famine lessened from one who states that he is "no politician," and that he merely wishes to tell us, in a quiet and unpretentious way, how an Englishman passes his life in a bungalow while his nearest neighbour lives in a similar tenement some ten miles off. Nor do we complain of the free introduction of "Anglo-Indian and Hindustani words." What we do find fault with is that the words are badly spelt and improperly used. Of the real meaning of some phrases the author is evidently quite ignorant, and others, which he must have had occasion to use two or three times a day, are strangely metamorphosed. The revision of the letterpress seems to have been most carelessly and hurriedly done. It is impossible to believe that an active gentleman who has passed most of his time on horseback, in "humming bazaars," amongst crowds of petitioning Ryots or busy labourers, ever pronounced names and titles in the way in which they are allowed to appear before the world. We have "Legouli" and "Rettiah" for "Segouli" and "Bettiah," both being as well known to a planter of North Behar as Cannock Chase or Clumber to a resident in our Midland Counties. "Tuccaree" occurs for "Tuccany," and "Kooskee" for "Kluski." Indigo dye is technically called "Mall," we are told. This is the common word *mal*, literally "wealth" or merchandize, the term given to the manufactured indigo to distinguish it from *pât* or the plant in the leaf and bundle. The head factory becomes the bead-factory. A fisherman, we are told, in Bengal is called *nikaree*, while in Behar he is a *mullah* or *machua*. This latter is correct. But *nikaree* is not the class which catches fish, but the caste which takes it from the fisherman and sells it in the market; and in the hot season the approach of a string of *nikarees* on their way to dispose of their consignment at some bazaar removed from the river is perceptible by other senses than the eye. A fisherman in Bengal is *Jaliya*. In p. 55 we learn that a fishery or a right of fishing is called "Shikur," from "Shal," a net. The author probably wrote, or meant to write, "julkur," properly "right of water." But the first syllable is derived from "jûl," water, and not from "jâl," a net. "Kûr," it is well known, is the Sanskrit term for tax or tribute. *Derah* is everywhere written for *diarah*, a phrase which answers to "chur" in Lower Bengal, and signifies the long rich alluvial flats which generally line the banks of such rivers as the Gunduk, the Ganges, and the Kosai, and increase, diminish, or completely melt away, owing to the action of the stream in the rainy season. A threshing-floor is commonly *Kâliyân*, and not "Karehan." "Like a court of justice" is, in ordinary Urdu, *Adâlat Ke muwafik*, and not *Adâwt lea mafich*. A poor man is *gharib*, not *greet*. The term *gumâshâ* or agent is spelt in three different ways, none of them correct. In a nocturnal visit from a leopard, which is not badly told, the *choukidar* or watchman is represented as shouting out, "Chor, chor, lagga, lagga," which phrase is translated as "Thief, thief; lay on, lay on." If the village functionary did utter the sounds expressed, he really said that the thief had "caught it." "Lagga" is the *habet* of the Roman populace, signifying that something, man or animal, has been struck. The *choukidar* probably shouted out "Mâro, mâro," this being the word that comes uppermost on such occasions to every native. We need not, as we might do, enlarge the catalogue of grammatical blunders and annoying misprints. Neither do we wish to be unduly severe on the style. There are, however, far too many epithets. "Noble stream," the "stately Ganges," "trees of wondrous dimensions rearing their stately heads," "the steely blue of lovely lake"—these and other epithets are piled up much too often; and Mr. Inglis might write simply of a tiger, instead of a "whiskered monarch," the "yellow-striped robber," the "bounding robber," and the "magnificent robber." He really has something to tell us about his work in the vats and his tent-life in the jungles, and he might relate it in a more unaffected style.

As we have said, we do not blame Mr. Inglis for not filling his pages with statistics of the revenue or the judicial courts, with an account of the genealogy of Rajendra Kishor Singh, the present Maharaja of Bettia, or with a disquisition on the question whether a certain black mound capped by a solid brick tower to be seen near the police station of Kesarey in Chumparun was really intended for a gigantic sepulchre or was merely a monument of one of the doings of Buddha. Ample information on these and kindred subjects is now accessible in Mr. Hunter's Statistical Account of Behar. We are glad to meet an independent and unofficial Englishman on his own ground, and turn to his account of the cultivation and manufacture of indigo. His description of the system by which the plant is grown and delivered at the factory, though tolerably correct in its broad features, is deficient in precision, and Mr. Inglis's pages would not convey to readers unfamiliar

* *Sport and Work on the Nepaul Frontier; or, Twelve Years' Sporting Reminiscences of an Indigo Planter.* By Maori. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

with the subject the distinction between the cultivation by means of advances and the cultivation on the planter's home farm. In Chumparun as in Behar, and, indeed, in Bengal proper as distinguished from the North-Western Provinces, indigo is grown in three different ways. 1. Asamiwar or Ryotty. 2. Zerat or Zerat. 3. Khuski. Nothing can be done in the first method unless the planter purchases an estate or takes a lease of a number of villages, and then collects the rents and acquires for the time the position and privileges of a landholder. The prestige attending the possession of manorial rights enables an energetic Englishman to persuade or compel the Ryots to grow indigo on a portion of their tenures, which, according to Mr. Hunter, does not exceed 15 per cent. of the whole area. Under this arrangement—while the factory supplies the seed and gives advances in cash at a time of the year when they are rather wanted—the Indian cultivator bears all the burden of ploughing, sowing, weeding, cutting, and delivering the plant. Under the *zerat* all this must be done for the planter by his hired servants and his own ploughs. Mr. Inglis says truly that this description of land is, if possible, acquired in the neighbourhood of the factory; and he dwells with pardonable exultation on the comparatively high farming which distinguishes such tracts. The clods are pulverised; the land is cleared of thistles and weeds; silt is regularly removed from the ditches; roads are constructed; and everything beokens order, superintendence, and skill. The third and last method, *khuski*, is simply that of giving advances to Ryots outside the tract farmed directly or taken on lease. It is, in short, a case of a contract pure and simple between two independent parties, one of whom pays the other to deliver him so many bundles of indigo at the ruling price. But this system only prevails to a very limited extent. If it gives the planter less trouble it brings him in less profit, and it is not favoured by the native Zemindars or holders of superior rights in lands, for the simple reason, that under it they do not obtain the bonus which the planter has to pay down before the Zemindars will grant leases. Indeed there is no shirking the fact that the larger part of the indigo produced is cultivated under the Ryotty system, and that, as conducted in past years, that system has on more than one occasion raised such discontent in both Behar and Bengal that Government has been compelled to interfere. Mr. Inglis waxes indignant over the wrongs of the planter, and talks of foul slanders, obloquy, and persistent misrepresentation, while he candidly admits that there was much in the past over which a veil must be drawn. The truth is that a good deal of moral and some physical coercion was employed by Englishmen to gain lawful ends, in days when districts were of huge size, official inspection was rare, and a British-born subject was amenable to the highest Courts of the Company only for trivial offences. There has been a marked improvement in late years, but, after all, it is not so very long ago that the discontent in Behar was such as to call for the decisive interposition of Sir Ashley Eden; and it is amusing to find our author telling us that, amongst the employments of the planter in his morning ride, he has to "look out for good lands and to give up bad ones," and to bring pressure to bear on agricultural operations which, in theory at least, are left to a Ryot, who ought to be able to do what he likes with his own tenure, and to grow the crop which pleases or pays him best. However, we are quite ready to believe that many kind acts are constantly done by the planter in his intercourse with the cultivators, and to allow that, as an element of strength and a link between the official hierarchy and the subject population, his value is not to be slighted in times of scarcity or famine.

The account, too, of the ploughing and weeding is animated and even picturesque, and the description of the manufacturing process is worth the perusal of any one who wishes to know what trouble and toil go to the preparation of rich blue cloth. By the aid of two or three illustrations we see the vats foaming, like those of *Luna* in *Horatius*; the plant worked up by coolies; the change of the water in a few hours from clear to green, and from green to blue; the settlement of the dye at the bottom of the vats; the process of boiling, pressing, stamping, and packing the cakes for despatch to Calcutta. If dealing with some hundreds of Ryots belonging to different villages involves much physical activity, and if the news of a "sowing shower" in March or April is a source of joy, the season of manufacture in July probably crams the heaviest work and anxiety into the shortest space. Sometimes the coolies fall sick or strike. A change in the weather from sunshine to wet will reduce the out-turn. A whole vat may be ruined by the infusion of a few bundles which have been scorched or withered while in transit. And Mr. Inglis admits that, although the dye has been improved of late years by the introduction of mechanical appliances instead of hand labour, there is ample room for a scientific and close observation of the chemistry of the manufacture. Fluctuations in the yield of different factories, and of the same factory under different climatic conditions, have hitherto been only causes of perplexity and despair.

While Mr. Inglis is most deserving of attention when his gangs of workmen are treading the vats of Nilgunj or Nilabat, there are several other chapters in which his observations of native life and peculiarities show intelligence. A description of a wrestling match between a Brahmin and a blacksmith is well told, and it may gratify readers who are convinced of the superiority of "blood" in a set-to, to learn that the muscles developed by hard work at the forge and anvil had to succumb to the wrestler

who boasted a hundred victories and a high and unblemished descent. Those who have seen exhibitions of this kind in Devonshire and Cornwall may be surprised to learn that the "fall" is not over when one Hindu combatant touches the ground. A wrestler is allowed to try to turn over his antagonist when the latter is lying flat on his chest. The endurance and pluck shown by crack native wrestlers would do honour to any Englishman. We recollect a story told of a military officer in the Punjab who could throw any of his native subordinates. One man, reputed never to have been beaten, stood up against his superior officer and was soon locked in a grip of steel. "You will have to give in, or your arm must be broken," said the Englishman. "I cannot help it, Sahib," was the answer, "but I must not yield, as my *hurmat* (honour) is at stake." And so the bone of the Sikh was broken, as Mr. Inglis expressly tells us might have been the case with the blacksmith had he not thought it prudent to yield to "caste." The account of village life is not without merit, and the opinion given as to native proclivities is one which most officials would endorse. But the remarks on legal reforms are too vague and inconclusive to carry much weight, and sufficient credit is not given to the Indian Government for the introduction of Courts of Small Causes, the simplification of evidence and procedure, the subdivision of large districts, and other remedial measures of the last ten or fifteen years. We have no room for accounts of battles with royal tigers, though we agree with the writer in thinking that a compact line of ten or a dozen elephants affords quite as good a chance of sport as one of eighty or a hundred. We may also draw attention to the rescue of an elephant from a quicksand, to the account of a *batan* or shed for tame buffaloes in the jungles, and to a night adventure when the author and a companion lost their way in the jungles of the Kosai, as novelties. Besides floundering in quicksands and being drenched with dew, they heard overhead the flight of waterfowl and around them a chorus of jackals and the roar of the tiger rather too near to be pleasant. In conclusion, as Mr. Inglis intimates that he may be tempted to give the public more of his reminiscences, we recommend him to prune his style, to avoid slang, and to add to his knowledge of the rustic Hindi phrases of Behar some moderate acquaintance with the Urdu as spoken by the higher classes. By this means he may secure a hearing from the English public, and he will certainly command more respect when he returns to Motihari if he can address a Raja or a Brahmin in phraseology different from that which he may lawfully employ in scolding one of his own West-country *Dangur* coolies.

ARUNDINES STURI.*

IT is not altogether easy to guess the motive with which this prettily printed book has been compiled. If the editor's purpose is to present to our view a selection from the works of Buchanan and Muretus, we ought to feel grateful to him. Although they were among the most important writers of Latin poetry whom the period of the Renaissance produced, their poems are comparatively neglected by classical scholars of the present day. But in this case, why are so many copies of verses by inferior hands included in the volume? If, on the other hand, the object was to introduce his own compositions to the public, and to support their weakness by the strength of the two eminent names mentioned, the editor may be forgiven for the obtrusion of his own work for the sake of the good things to which he introduces us. The title of the book is somewhat inappropriate. *Arundines Cami*, from which the idea is, of course borrowed, was very happily named, for all the reeds which it contains are of native growth; but surely the Stour must be surprised to see so many foreign rushes transplanted to its banks:—

Miraturque novas frondes, et non sua poma,
like the tree in Virgil's Second Georgic. No doubt it would be difficult to find a suitable and at the same time epigrammatic title for a book so heterogeneous in composition. It is divided into three parts. Part I. is entitled "Poemata Sacra," and includes versions of some of the Psalms, and a selection of hymns, mostly by Buchanan and Muretus. Part II. is entirely devoted to the epigrams of Muretus; while Part III., "Poemata Varia," contains several pieces by the same author which might well have been included in Part II., a few by other writers of that period, together with a couple by Milton, and is filled up with original verses and translations from English poets by various modern hands. These last might well have been omitted. Their only possible use is to enhance the value of the earlier poems by proving what very much poorer Latin verse is written, or rather printed, at the present day. Each part is prefaced by a few lines from the pen of the editor, which, though not very remarkable, are much better than his more ambitious efforts included in Part III.

Most of the translations from the Psalms are by Buchanan, whose work is characterized by a familiarity with the best Latin models which, while it ensures elegant versification, at the same time goes a long way towards depriving these poems of the spirit of the originals. In proportion as Buchanan's stanzas approximate in style to those of Horace, they miss the religious tone and feeling of the sacred writings from which they are translated. There is

* *Arundines Sturi.* Colligit atque edidit Robertus B. Kennard. Oxford: Parker. 1878.

such a want of devotional feeling in the writings of the Augustan age that we shall not be inclined to blame Buchanan for his inability to reconcile two things so utterly incompatible; we can only regret that he did not make a happier choice of style and metre. The rhyming Latin of the middle ages fulfils so admirably all the requirements of such a task, to which indeed it was first applied, and for the purposes of which it may be said to have been invented, that there was no need to have recourse to classical metres. For this, however, the period in which Buchanan lived, rather than the man himself, is responsible. At the revival of letters, what had been a learned language in the hands of Bernard and Map, Peter Damian and Jacopone, was no doubt thrown into discredit, and no other course was open to the writers of Latin Psalms and Hymns than that which Buchanan adopted. In spite of the disadvantages under which he laboured, there is very much to admire in his versions, even where they fail to satisfy the reader who compares them with the renderings of medieval authors and their modern imitators. To these they are no doubt inferior; they are in many places extremely diffuse, and contain ideas not to be found in the originals; while the elaboration required by the Horatian stanza or Ovidian couplet often destroys the simplicity and directness which is one of the great charms of the Hebrew writings. To take an example from Psalm i.; three hexameter lines are required to translate the words "Therefore sinners shall not stand in the judgment":—

Ergo ubi veridicus iudex in nube serena
Dicere ius veniet, scelerisque concurget orbem,
Non coram impietas mastos attollere vultus
Audebit.

The words "in nube serena" surely savour rather of "stuffing." Again, in Psalm lxxxviii. v. 8, "Thou hast put mine acquaintance far from me, Thou hast made me an abomination unto them," is turned by the use of a metaphor which, though suggested by the previous verse, can scarcely be considered as a fair rendering:—

Me veluti scopulum fugiunt horrentque sodales:
Quos portum afflita spes erat esse rati.

The idea is neat and epigrammatic enough, but does not occur in the original. In Psalm xc. the rendering of the words "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God" reads much more like an explanatory paraphrase than a translation:—

Te manes idem, pater orbis, unus
Nec vices rerum patiens, nec avi
Termino clausus brevis; unus expers
Finis et ortus.

Once more, in Psalm cxxxvii., the simple pathos of the original is quite lost in the flowing elegies of Buchanan. But when allowance has been made for the unsuitability of the style, nothing remains but praise for the execution. Many of the very lines quoted above are, when considered apart from the originals, extremely good; we can only point out a few of the passages that seem to deserve most admiration. Beauties abound on every page. In Psalm xlv. the latter part of the first verse is turned very elegantly:—"I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer":—

Certat lingua animum fando, manus ænula linguam
Scribendo exæquare, meo nova carmina regi
Dum meditor.

The whole of this Psalm is very well done. Psalm lxv. is one of the best of the collection. Its merit is so equal throughout that we cannot mention any one stanza as being better than the rest. The Sapphic metre, in which it is written, is admirably suited to a poem which in several points resembles the Second Ode of Book I. of Horace. Psalm lxxxviii. is well turned; vv. 10-12 are especially good. The latter part of xc. is also very good; but it may be doubted whether Horace would have accepted "actiones," which occurs in the last stanza, in the sense of actions. The following, from Psalm cxxxv., recall, perhaps too strongly, two well-known lines from Horace:—

Si fractus illabatur orbis
Incolimus fugiet ruinam.

The next stanza is, however, quite good enough to atone for the plagiarism:—

Ut civitatem moenia montium
Sanctam tenuit, sic Dominae suos
Vi cingit arcana, nec umquam
Præsidii viduos relinquit.

Besides being beautiful in itself, this is also a very close translation. Space does not admit of any more quotations. Those who are interested in the subject must read for themselves, and will be amply rewarded for their trouble. It is no exaggeration to say that the works of Buchanan are, with the exception perhaps of Milton's, the finest examples of classical Latin poetry which post-classical times have produced. Of the Psalms by other translators in Mr. Kennard's collection, a great part are by modern authors, and require little attention. It may be said of most of them that they are rather more literal, and very much less poetical, than those of Buchanan. Muretus, whose works fill a large part of the rest of the volume, is put under contribution for three. They are not perhaps of equal merit with the best by Buchanan, but are well worthy of a place beside them.

We now arrive at a selection of hymns for the chief festivals of the Church. With the exception of that for Advent, they are all by Muretus, whose chosen metre is one of the varieties of the Asclepiad. The Advent hymn is interesting as being the work of

Lord Wellesley. It is written in very smoothly-running hexameters; but, if we subtract from it the ideas suggested by Virgil's *Pollio* and Pope's *Messiah*, there is not much original matter left. The hymns of Muretus are not very interesting. When compared with Buchanan's Psalms they are somewhat inferior in execution, while they are open to the same objections. The best are perhaps those for Palm Sunday and Easter Day. The last stanza of the former is very Horatian in sentiment and expression:—

Nil in vita hominum perpetuum datur,
Rebus ne nimis fidite prosperis.
Plerumque hic lacrymis gaudia temperat
Certo consilio Deus.

In the last stanza of the Easter hymn we have "non amplius" in the sense of "no longer"; this is scarcely a classical usage. These lines in the Christmas hymn might have been written by Horace himself:—

Grata est haud dubie simplicitas Deo,
Grata est vita, dolis que procul omnibus,
Rectum sponte sua perpetuo colit,
Et priscam retinet fidem.

One or two clumsy lines occur here and there. We find an un-musical elision at the end of the Epiphany hymn:—

Qui et Rex est et homo et Deus.

The following, from the hymn for Ascension Day, is also very harsh:—

O per qui te hominum, Dux bone, detulit
Sancte Sanctus Amor, Virginis in sinu.

Part I. closes with a rendering in hexameters, by the editor, of the epitaph on Bishop Butler—a respectable translation enough, but why introduce the line

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas.

It translates nothing in the original, and is not particularly appropriate to the subject of the epitaph. Perhaps the editor has intended it as a compliment to Virgil, just as Virgil took it from Lucretius.

The epigrams, letters to friends, and other short poems by Muretus in Part II., are very elegant specimens of Latin composition, and will, we think, be found more pleasing than the hymns by the same author. The first few epigrams are graceful expressions of the poet's admiration for Scaliger; next follow some passionate verses to his mistress, which are in many respects worthy of comparison with Ovid's love songs; but we cannot help regretting that Muretus allowed himself so much license in the construction of the elegiac couplet. Such elisions as the following, occurring in the latter half of the pentameter, are most unmusical:—"desere illa leve est"; "quin etiam ipsa anima"; "Suaviloquum aspiciam." The tenth number expresses the somewhat exaggerated estimation in which Virgil was held till comparatively recent times. He is made to say of himself:—

Par fieri volui, major sed factus Homero—

an opinion which modern scholars will scarcely endorse. The poem addressed to Margaret of Navarre is very pretty, especially this couplet:—

Delicium celli, terra decus, acclipe que se
Advolvunt pedibus carmina pauca tuis.

One of the best is that dedicated to Petrus Quintius, and the last also is very graceful. The following epigram on a drunken poet is good:—

Cur tua vix umquam sint salsa epigrammata, queris?
Diluis hec nimio, Pontiliane, mero.

And here is a very neat one, on a statue of Bacchus among the nymphs:—

Qui colitis Bacchum comites simul addite nymphas,
Nam sine ope illarum munera nostra nocent.

Nor should we omit to notice an admonition to literary men which is given at the end of some lines on friendship:—

Nos quoque qui colimus divas Helicone morantes
Capta pari studio pectora amare decet.

Enough has been said of the writings of Muretus to induce classical scholars to read those pieces in Part III., which also bear his name. There are several panegyrics on the poet written by his pupil Fremistus in much the same strain as that employed by Muretus himself in honour of Scaliger. The grace and power of Milton's Latin verse are too well known to need any comment here, and the Latin versions by various hands of English poetry are very similar to those found in *Arundines Cami* and *Sabrina Corolla*. It is impossible to deny that the original compositions of the editor are the weakest in the volume. Among them are some lines on a photographic album, which appear to have afforded the writer so much satisfaction, that, by varying a few words, they are given to us in both hexameters and elegiacs. Next we have several short poems, the chief point in which is the oft-repeated jingle on the name of Venus, venustus, veneres, and so on. The last which calls for notice is an "epithalamium," in which the line

Huc ades, O Hymenæe, Hymen ades, O Hymenæe,

is made very useful, while another well-known line is pressed into the work:—

Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.

Unless we are deceived by a printer's error at p. iii., Mr. Kennard should be congratulated on the advanced age to

which he has attained, for a poem bearing his signature is stated to have been published in the *Anti-Jacobin* in 1797, when, unless, in despite of Mr. Thoms, he is a centenarian, he must have lisped in numbers and studied Latin verse composition in the retirement of the nursery. But few readers will find any difficulty in identifying the sounding hexameters of Wellesley.

CARTOUCHE.*

A NOVEL founded on the character and exploits of a dog is likely to be dreary reading. The creature may be interesting enough to his master, but to those to whom a good plot or life-like characters make the charm of fiction it is hardly satisfactory to have an elaborate description of the snaps and barks and short runs and tumultuous welcomes of a black-haired poodle, with small eyes and a long tongue. And, unless the more important actions of the four-footed hero are both told graphically and are true and natural in themselves, the whole thing falls to the ground, as an artificial structure badly put together always must. When we took up *Cartouche*, and learned from the title-page that the hero who had given his name to the book was "only a dog," we confess to a strong feeling of misgiving. Also, we may say, we felt from the outset of the story considerable compassion for the poor beast himself. He had evidently endured the heat of an Italian summer with an unclipped coat, seeing that "he leaped upon the new comer, barking and rushing about with every hair flying out from his body"; and, again, "rushed wildly round and round the open place under the plane-trees, his black hair streaming in the wind." Now it may not be pretty or becoming, but the shaven poodle is undoubtedly the right thing for Italy in summer, and the long-haired beast would have a right to complain of neglect in the dog days. By the way, the wind spoken of above rises very suddenly; for in the preceding page we have "a hot and languid glow lying on the violet-tinted hills"; and Jack Ibbetson, the owner of "Cartouche," falls asleep, or the next thing to it, in the garden. If the wind was so strong as to make the dog's long black hair stream and fly, that was an imprudent proceeding on Jack's part.

The plot of *Cartouche* is slender in kind and not very interesting in treatment. A young man, this same Jack Ibbetson, who opens the story by calling his dog, thereby causing him to leap from the upper window at the risk of breaking his legs, if not his neck, is engaged to a nice girl by name Phyllis Grey. He loves her fairly well, but because, if he marries her, she (not he) is to be made his and her uncle's inheritor, while, if he does not, she is to be left penniless, he fumes and frets at his prospective advantage, and thinks it a bore that his wife will be well off when a gouty old tyrant dies, and that her inheritance is to depend on her marriage. Had she been as poor as himself he would in all probability have married her out of hand, seeing that "he liked no one better, or so well." But her future wealth worried him, and he fancied himself ill used by fate because he was to be well dowered by fortune. This, we venture to say, is one of those essentially feminine views of human life and the masculine nature which carry no likelihood or common sense with them, and which therefore vitiate the whole thing as much as if the hero and heroine were set floating in the air. Of course being disgusted at the smooth ordering of his social life, where the only thing to find fault with is his good luck, Jack Ibbetson does that which he might be expected to do in the circumstances—allows his fancy to stray, and so disturbs poor Phyllis and deranges all the plans. His innocent enchantress for the time is an impossible little half-breed, a certain English-Italian, Beatrice Capponi, whose acquaintance he makes through the delinquencies of *Cartouche* in the matter of a basket of turkey poult, one of which the poodle incontinently slays. Beatrice, or, as she is familiarly called, Bice, also allows her fancy to stray in the direction of this good-looking stranger, whose intimacy she claims in return for the loss of her turkey poult. Beginning with a scene-of-fury, wherein she stamps her foot and calls bad names, she shades off into pity for the delinquent dog as soon as she hears that he is to be chastised; and then brightens into interest for the dog's fair-haired and good-looking master, whom she invites then and there to dinner, and from whom she will take no denial. We do not profess to know much about English-Italian girls brought up in the country near Florence in strict seclusion by a mother who "had gone through such ill-use and insult as would have scared (sic) most women's lives; and, when it was all over, feathered out again, with no more result than a mild assurance that from that time forward she had a right to whatever comfortable compensation she could get out of existence." But it does seem to us the funniest thing possible, if to be taken as descriptive of girl-life in Italy, that two young creatures should haul in a good-looking stranger to dine with them and their mother, and make fast and confidential friends with him on the spot, with no more introduction than is to be found in a black long-haired poodle and a dead turkey chick. The author of *Cartouche*, however, has evidently been in Florence, where this extraordinary bit of Arcadian simplicity took place. She knows Rome, too, and has profited by Ouida, Ruskin, and the *Handbooks*. Wherefore we must, in all modesty, accept her pictures as at least possible, and not allow ourselves to suppose that she has

drawn on her imagination out of reason and given no facts which will not pass muster even in fiction.

The hero's interest in Bice, though it never passes the boundaries of the purest friendship, so far influences the story that it causes Phyllis Grey to break off her engagement. She gives no explanation why she breaks with Jack; but a fancy "like the dull tick of a great clock in her brain" says with persistent effort, "He—loves—he—he—loves—her"; and, "though no one suspected it of her, her heart was sometimes nearly breaking." We are thankful that she escapes fever—malarial, gastric, or other. A heart nearly breaking because of its own supererogatory generosity of renunciation while looking at Botticelli's "Fortitude" in the Uffizi, and a fancy that speaks with persistent effort in the brain like the dull tick of a great clock, are perilously like forerunners of at least a gastric fever, if not a *pernicioza*. But she escapes; and as at the end all comes right and Jack blossoms out into common sense, we are spared any unnecessary harrowing of our feelings and sympathetic calculations of the cost and worry of an illness in an hotel. We would remark, in passing, that "persistent effort" is an unhappy expression to be applied to anything so automatic as the ticking of a fancy in Phyllis's brain. There are other oddities of phrase in the book. In a slight description of the "beautiful rooms" of the well-known Roman artist, Signor Vertunni (not Vertumni), we are told that "you lose yourself in a sea-mist where a boat floats between sky and earth"; and to illustrate what we said of our author's obligations to Mr. Ruskin we give the following passage:—

But, indeed, the wonder of Florence lies in her perpetual youth. She is old, and yet no touch of age seems to have passed over her. All around are the memories of past ages, but they are alive and present, and time scarcely seems to separate you from them. It would not surprise you to see Giotto standing under his tower, to meet Dante turning towards his house, Savonarola passing to the preaching, Romola—as real as any—hurrying back to old Bardi. Our past grows mouldy, whereas here it keeps life, and colour, and reality. Is it that we are always trying to escape from it?

The Uffizi was rather empty. There were plenty of copyists, most of all, as usual, round the great *Fra Angelico*, with its praising angels, in the passage, but otherwise strangers were few. Jack, who had a craze for Botticelli, would not let Phyllis rest until he had taken her to the Judith in the room next the tribune. She comes towards you more lightly than Judith would have done after the deed, but the strong purpose, the self-forgetfulness of the face, are wonderful; and as the yellow morning light catches the grey blue of her dress, she looks far beyond you, and beyond what you are ever likely to see. Presently from her lips will come the cry of deliverance, "Open, open now the gates!" and all Bethulia will press round to see and hear. Jack, who had learnt Botticelli from Ruskin, was full of enthusiasm, and dragged Phyllis off to the Calumny, the *Fortitude*. He made her sit down in a corner where she could see the last-named well, and then a thought struck him.

Verily Mr. Ruskin has much to answer for.

The halting love affair between Jack and Phyllis, and the dreamy relations between Jack and Bice, are complicated by a rather obscure episode concerning Bice's brother Clive, wherein one Oliver Trent plays the part of villain. That this gentleman may have a better claim on the gratitude of Bice, which he hopes to work up into love, he acts as only the merest tiro in knowledge of the world could have acted, and makes a mud-pie for Clive, into which he ends by tumbling headlong on his own account. Jack is the good genius of this part of the story, but it is all so confusedly done that we confess we did not follow the complications very carefully, and do not quite understand the whole matter. All we can make out is that Clive had got into a mess about money which appeared to be dishonourable and was really unfortunate; and that Oliver Trent made it look blacker than it was for his own purposes, while Jack ferreted out the truth and brought it triumphantly to the surface.

The end of the book is happiness dashed by one strain of tragedy. The Tiber overflows, and Jack standing on the brink sees a dark object caught by a tree; he makes this out to be a cradle and thinks he discerns therein a child. He dashes in and partly swims, partly wades, to the point where the cradle is caught, his face bleeding from the twigs which whip it as he passes, "and feeling each moment that he must be sucked under in a resistless eddy." At last he reaches the cradle; *Cartouche* following him at his cry for help. The dog brings the cradle safely to land, then turns back to his master, whose "foot had become entangled in some of the small submerged branches." He extricates himself:—

But *Cartouche*? Through the tossing waters the dog, with a faithfulness which never faltered, struggled slowly back to his master. Beaten by the waves, with safety close behind his reach, he needed no call to keep him resolute to his purpose. To Jack, with the river hissing in his ears, with the angry dash of foam blinding his eyes, the sight of that black and curly head coming steadily towards him seemed to give hope and power once more. As the dog reached him he bent his head down, and *Cartouche* by a great effort licked his face. Then Jack called all his failing strength together; the tree itself swayed violently, he felt that he was free. Free, but could he reach the shore? The horror of that frightful imprisonment was so strong, that he dared not trust to the help of the branches, and the struggle was almost superhuman. *Cartouche* swam close to him, swam round him, more than once when he thought he must give up, the gaze of those faithful eyes, the touch of the dog's body, brought back the hope which had all but deserted him—and now, he had just cleared the roots of the tree, was just venturing in towards the bank, when, caught in some tremendous eddy, the tree swung completely round, and with its bare branches tossing wildly upwards, the old river whirled away its prey in triumph.

His apotheosis comes when "a peasant woman in a southern country has taught her children to love animals, to be good to them, and one of them she says was once saved by a dog. The children listen, thrilled by the familiar story. 'Eccolo!' cries a

* *Cartouche. "Only a Dog."* By the Author of "The Rose Garden" "Unawares," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1878.

girl, pointing, and they all turn and look up where, over the door, is the carved figure of a dog, with a date." This ending is really the best part of the book, which by no means equals in merit the pretty story of the *Rose Garden*; though that, too, had its shortcomings, as we pointed out at the time.

THE BELVEDERE GALLERY AT VIENNA.*

GERMANY commands a wide empire of art within the walls of the four great galleries of Munich, Dresden, Berlin, and Vienna. Each of these rich collections is strong in some special point, and together they fill up well-nigh to completion the entire circuit of pictorial art. The Old Pinakothek, Munich, is unrivalled in its assemblage of early Flemish and German masters, from the time of Meister Wilhelm of Cologne downwards. The Museum of Dresden is distinguished by two chief works of two great painters—the "San Sisto" of Raffaelle, and the "Meyer Madonna," by Holbein. The gallery of Berlin is strictly based on chronology—an arrangement which induces the filling up of missing links in a consecutive series. Then comes the Belvedere in Vienna, which, fortunate in the pretty even representation of most schools, shows special force and fulness in the master works of the Flemings, of the Venetians, and the Lombards. Among the galleries of the world doubtless that of Madrid is foremost; but which collection has a right to the second place, whether either of the four great museums of Germany already enumerated, or the Louvre in Paris, the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, or some one of the galleries in Italy, or indeed our own national collection in London, can make the best claim to distinction, it is hard to determine. Our National Gallery, however, is in the exceptional position of being the only collection which owes nothing to conquest and everything to gift or purchase. How ill we could afford to lose any one of these museums may be judged from the blank left some years since by the destruction in Venice of a single work—Titian's "Peter Martyr." Each prominent gallery in Europe fulfills a service somewhat by virtue of its geographic position. What the National Gallery is to England the Louvre is to France; and as the Museum of Madrid illuminates the far West, so the Belvedere Gallery throws the light and colour of art over the widespread Austrian dominions in Eastern Europe.

Vienna, among the most ancient of German cities, dates her foundation from the time of the Romans; and yet it is only in comparatively modern days that she has been in a condition to cultivate the arts. It is true that her magnificent cathedral belongs to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Nevertheless, two hundred years have not elapsed since the Austrian troops which defended the city from the inroad of the Turks reconnoitred from the square and from the spire of St. Stephen's. But peace, with her attendant arts, may be supposed to have been assured when one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon taken from the enemy were cast into the largest bell within the cathedral tower. The pictures now collected in the Belvedere indicate the chequered history of the Empire; they do not pertain to the spot, but are gathered from afar; they come from the South, the North, and the West; they are the heirlooms of families, the accumulated possessions of dynasties. The Gallery was enriched by Maximilian I.; Rudolph II. gathered in his castle at Prague pictures from Italy and Spain, which afterwards were transferred to Vienna; and Charles V. divided his favours between Vienna and Madrid. Treasures from the scattered collections of our Charles I. and of the Duke of Buckingham also found their way to Vienna. The Archduke Leopold William, when Stadtholder in the Spanish Netherlands, made valuable acquisitions among collectors and artists, and effected purchases at the great sales in Antwerp. Further accessions followed under Maria Theresa, and additions are from time to time made down to the present day. Austria, it would seem, took possession of works which might be deemed rightly to belong to England, such as the portraits of Queen Seymour and of Dr. Chamber of Oxford, severally by Holbein, and a half-length figure of Charles I., which Dr. Waagen ranks as "one of the finest of the numerous portraits of the unfortunate King from the hand of Van Dyck." On the whole, the Belvedere owes more to happy accident than to deliberate design; but here fittingly are found the magnificent posthumous portrait of Maximilian I., clad in armour, by Rubens, and Titian's full-length portrait of his patron, Charles V. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell remarks upon the singular poverty of the Gallery in the Spanish schools, considering the old relations between Madrid and Vienna. The only Spanish works, he adds, that have found their way to Vienna are a mediocre picture by Murillo, a portrait by Coello, and a few paintings by Velasquez. But by this prince of painters stands supreme "the artist's family picture." "This priceless picture" is, in the critic's opinion, the single production out of Spain that deserves to rank with the master's grand compositions in Madrid. Connoisseurs who watch critically the ambitious career of Herr Unger in the publication now before us will be only too glad to find that this clever etcher seems likely to prove himself, in breadth of effect, in power and precision of touch, a match for the great master of Castile.

The reputation of Herr Unger, gained in the Galleries of Cassel and Brunswick, is here in Vienna more than confirmed. The

increased scale of the plates, and the wider diversity of pictorial styles, call forth from the etcher his utmost resources; as a translator he is faithful; his transcripts seldom, if ever, fall into the license of paraphrase; he enters heart and soul into the spirit and technique of the great masters, and in thinking of them he is willing to forget himself. In portraiture he proves himself specially powerful; he reflects the pervading idea which the original painter embodied with a singleness of purpose which permits no distraction from excess of detail or contrariety of motive. How far he succeeds in adapting his manner to each master in succession is illustrated by two strikingly diverse portraits—the one of Jane Seymour, by Holbein, the other by Titian of Giacomo Strada, architect and antiquary in the time of Maximilian II. In the etching before us of the Queen's well-known head, Holbein's style is scrupulously preserved; the features are mapped out with a few firmly pronounced boundary lines, the contours, as might be expected, are somewhat hard, and the touch of the etcher's needle indicates that the master used his pigments sparingly, leaving the surface thin, and yet the hands are modelled with a suppleness indicative of a tenderness of tissue yielding to the touch. Infinite care, too, has been expended on the richly brocaded dress, jewelled with pearls and precious stones—all painted by Holbein with the minuteness of a miniature. A greater contrast can hardly be imagined than that of the head of Giacomo Strada, as portrayed by Titian. We feel that the master has put forth all the power of his richly-laden palette; we see how he has played with his pigments, how he has laid on the colours lavishly—here thickly loaded, and there thinly washed; but, thin or thick, always transparent, lustrous, and gem-like. Herr Unger manages to translate these qualities into a chiaroscuro that is never quite white, and yet never black, but golden in its lights, and of slumberous fire in its shadows. How the etcher here manages to convey the idea of colour is worthy of observation. Lines rapid in movement, dexterous and dazzling in cross hatching, throwing off light from the interstices; a touch, sensitive and vital, which leaves the surface palpitating, so that life throbs beneath the form—all these conspire towards the Titianesque colour of this cunningly elaborated plate.

The Vienna Gallery is not surpassed by Munich or Antwerp in the master works of Rubens. The painter is nowhere more fervid and florid than in copious compositions recording the histories of St. Ambrose and of St. Ildephonso, and the miracles of St. Francis and of Ignatius Loyola. Here, as usual, the artist gains astounding effects by the slightest of means; and the etcher, in his version of the landscape known as "the Phrygian Flood," emulates the master in bravura of touch and in translucent depths whence colour seems to glow. The aspects of nature are tumultuous; waters rush wildly, trees bend beneath the wind, and clouds are driven by the storm. In painter and etcher alike skill and care are needed to escape confusion. Rubens, in common with Salvator Rosa and the two Poussins, succeeded in transferring to canvas those scenic phenomena which in a pre-scientific age were roughly assigned to the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water. Herr Unger has here, through light and shade, elaborated the linear perspective on earth and the aerial perspective in sky, wherein our English engravers, after the pictures of Turner, obtained their triumphs. In the plate before us the eye is carried forward from foreground into a cloudland of mists, nebulae and cumuli, the darkness of the tempest being made visible by lightning. Only an artist knows how hard it is to save such skies from extravagance. Herr Unger lacks the passionate impulse of the French etchers, and hence the spectator sometimes remains comparatively cool; but, on the other hand, he is endowed with German calculation and insight, so that he sees clearly and renders truly the meaning of artists however diverse. His methods of treatment are wide as the poles asunder, and, becoming all things to all men, he passes, as we have seen, at will from Dutch minuteness to Italian breadth and freedom.

It is the custom of national museums to parade on the walls a considerable proportion of spurious pictures. M. Viardot, comparing the disorder existing in the Belvedere to that in Hampton Court, complains of the intolerable mixture of copies with originals, of mediocrities with great works. In private collections such falsities are excusable; but in public galleries people should be saved from imposture by appeal to the most trustworthy results of the latest research. Our National Gallery long maintained a traditional nomenclature which in some instances could not stand scrutiny. But at any rate charitable credulities ought to find no place in critical publications which are expected to state facts and opinions on the spot where they can best be verified. The letter-press here put forth, though it comes from a high authority, errs on the side of amiable acquiescence. Professor Lützow seems to shrink from personal responsibility; his descriptions are for the most part laudatory, and when he cannot praise he preserves silence. In extenuation it may be pleaded that explanatory letterpress to richly illustrated books mostly indulges in encomium, and certainly the critic may be excused on the present occasion for upholding within the Imperial Gallery reputations which have been hastily assailed. Assuredly he can scarcely be expected to sanction the wholesale way in which Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have thrown aside as "Uncertified Titians" no less than nine pictures which adorn the Gallery. Ancient tradition and the general assent of mankind, as well as the authority of the late Dr. Waagen, are urged in support of names long accepted. In some few cases of difficulty, judgment is here rightly as yet held in abeyance. For example, there is a humble domestic scene still accredited to

* Die Kaiserl. Königl. Gemälde-Galerie in Wien. Radirungen von William Unger. Text von Carl von Lützow. Lieferungen IV., V., VI. Wien: H. O. Miethe. 1877-1878.

Terburg, notwithstanding that some authorities ascribe the picture to Van der Meer; here the author wisely waits for further evidence before passing a final verdict. We have reason to believe that this little known painter will receive further elucidation in the form of a monograph; thus, little by little, historic and biographic doubts are in course of being cleared away.

Criticism in such matters can never secure absolute certainty, and yet in many ways it may rise above the region of mere conjecture. The surest basis is documentary or historic evidence; when, for example, a picture can be traced from generation to generation, when it can show a written pedigree, when the original commission given to the artist is on record—the evidence may grow as conclusive as the title deeds to lands and hereditaments. Not a few of the works in the Belvedere are thus assured; but in many of them the testimony is sufficiently conflicting to need sifting and balancing. Sometimes a picture may have obtained mention by Vasari or other contemporary authors, and yet a doubt arises as to identity or as to whether the extant work is a replica or copy of the original. Such obstinate questionings go far to invalidate certain pictures in Vienna which we have known as tacitly assigned to Fra Bartolomeo, Raffaello, or Murillo—not to mention masters less signal. It would seem, however, but charitable to allow to passable works the benefit of a doubt. We have known connoisseurs who seem to find a positive pleasure in scepticism; but if one of two extremes is inevitable, happier is the man who can take his full enjoyment without stopping to ask the why or the wherefore. Such a man in walking through the rooms of the Belvedere may not care to be always using the dissecting knife or the magnifying lens, but rests content to be moved as his intuitions prompt. On the other hand, there have been evenly-balanced critics, such as the late Professor Kugler, who, trusting much to inward sense, still strive to fortify their conclusions by outward or circumstantial evidence; and in the text before us Professor Lützow, though sometimes not so thorough as might be desired, belongs to the number of those who seek on all sides for lights which may illumine the dark places of history.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

HERR VON ROSENBERG (1) is one of those travellers who lay, as it were, siege to a country, and make it their own by patient and continuous observation. His acquaintance with the Malay Archipelago is derived from his position as an officer in the Dutch Civil Service, where he remained for nearly thirty years. Being frequently removed from place to place, and yet remaining long enough in each place to obtain a thorough acquaintance with the district, he has been enabled to make a tolerably complete survey, not only of Java, but of those portions of Sumatra, Celebes, and the Moluccas which belong to the Dutch, or in which their influence is paramount. He has also visited New Guinea, his account of which island, as well as of Java, will appear in a third volume. His valuable work is at once a complement and a contrast to that of our countryman, Mr. Wallace. The latter offers a signal example of the power of generalization from accumulated facts; the former is a mere register of observations. Yet the observations afford a most valuable basis for further generalizations, and have the additional merit of relating in great measure to regions unvisited or imperfectly explored by the English traveller. Some parts of the Batta country were first visited by Herr Rosenberg, and he there discovered the remains of some ancient temples, probably Buddhist. He was also the first European to make a thorough exploration of the islands on the western coast of Sumatra. Nias, the most important, is thoroughly described in the present work. Celebes, Ceram, and the Aru Islands occupy the greater part of the second volume. The first-named large island does not seem to have been very fully examined by Herr Rosenberg, but his description of Ceram is minute. Among the more remarkable circumstances enumerated are the strange dissimilarity of the seasons on the northern and southern shores of the island, and the existence of a secret society, the "Kakean," designed to resist the introduction of Christianity or Mohametanism, and apparently accomplishing its purpose. The Aru Isles are chiefly interesting for their fauna, especially the birds of paradise, respecting which the author gives several additional particulars. The inhabitants occupy a low stage of cultivation in comparison with the other natives of the Archipelago, but some of their customs are interesting. Contrary to the general usage of barbarous people, they welcome the birth of a daughter with excessive joy, while male child is treated with indifference. The value of Herr Rosenberg's work is increased by numerous woodcuts, poorly executed indeed, but taken from photographs for the most part.

The very meritorious investigation of ancient Jewish commerce for which we are indebted to Dr. Herzfeld (2) suffers from a lack of material in so far as the most interesting of the periods it embraces is concerned. We should like to have a picture of Jewish commercial activity during Biblical times; but for these

Scripture is almost our sole authority, and the scanty notices it contains have been already developed by previous writers. Dr. Herzfeld shows clearly that the frequent mention of objects of luxury implies an active trade with neighbouring nations, and an advanced condition of manufacturing industry among the latter; but for anything more he is reduced to mere conjecture and inference. Perhaps his most important contribution to the subject is an able discussion of the locality of Ophir, in which he shows that India is too remote and the Midianite peninsula too near, and contends forcibly for Arabia Felix and the Somali coast. It is not until Dr. Herzfeld has reached the post-Biblical period that his materials become copious, and derived from sources not generally accessible. The legal treatises which constitute so large a portion of the Talmud abound with incidental observations referring to commercial matters, which Dr. Herzfeld cites, with remarks tending to show their bearing upon his subject. It appears, for instance, that rice, unknown in Western Asia until the time of Alexander the Great, was not only cultivated, but made into bread in the days of the Talmudical writers; that some of the Palestinian wines required to be mixed with three parts water; that the Jews said "Send fish to Acre" as we say "Carry coals to Newcastle." The classical writers also afford a rich store of material, especially in the evidence they afford of a wide dispersion of the Jews during the Macedonian and Roman ages, and of the wealth attained by most of their communities. Inquiries respecting the commercial routes of antiquity; disquisitions on Jewish coins, weights, and measures, and the ordinary prices of articles of consumption; and excursions on various problematical points connected with finance and merchandise complete the contents of a very interesting volume.

An exhaustive account, by Richard von Kauffmann (3), of the various institutions, public and private, existing throughout Europe for the protection of commercial interests, and the legislation respecting them, is intended as an introduction to a forthcoming project for the reorganization of German Chambers of Commerce and Agriculture, and the institution of an "economical senate" to evoke and control their action. Whatever the merits of this scheme, which remains to be expounded, it has certainly led to the accumulation of a great mass of interesting information, including the text of official statutes and regulations, to which considerable additions are promised in subsequent volumes.

Friedrich Goldschmidt, the biographer of the eminent economist List, contributes an important pamphlet to the discussion of the proposed alterations in the German Budget (4). He protests against any increase of indirect taxation, and shows that, when the losses occasioned by compulsory military service are taken into account, the Germans are one of the most heavily taxed nations in the world. He especially resists any additional impost upon two of the great national articles of consumption—tobacco and beer. The case of the German brewers must indeed be especially hard if it be the fact that, however unfavourable the yield of malt and hops may have been, public feeling never allows them to raise their prices.

The Hanoverian archives naturally contain many documents throwing light on the accession of the House of Brunswick to the English throne. From these Dr. Schaumann (5) has compiled an instructive and unpretending little volume. One of the most interesting circumstances mentioned is the idea at first entertained by King William of betrothing the Princess Anne's infant son to a Hanoverian princess. After the young prince's death, the project of the direct Hanoverian succession acquired consistency, and we find the Electress Sophie endeavouring to construct a Hanover party out of such members of the two great English parties as were most zealously addicted to Protestantism, without reference to minor differences of opinion. At a later period the Electress is anxious that she or her son should reside in England, and receives a decided rebuke from Queen Anne. Throughout these negotiations Leibnitz appears as Sophia's principal counsellor. Characters, apparently very just, of Prince George of Denmark and the Duke of Marlborough are now published for the first time from his MS., as well as sarcastic portraits of Englishmen of rank resident at the Hanoverian Court, in which the philosopher appears in the unwonted light of a satirical humourist.

As Herr Edmund Hoefer (6) very properly lays it down that the precise nature of the relations between Goethe and Frau von Stein is not a matter with which the world need concern itself, it is not quite easy to see why he should have devoted so much space to its elucidation. His investigation, however, is able and acute, not very favourable to the Platonic theory, and still less so to Frau von Stein, agreeing with Mr. Lewes's verdict upon that lady in all essential respects. It is to be observed, however, that the truth cannot be fully known until the publication of Frau von Stein's own letters, which are probably in the custody of Goethe's family.

Sören Kirkegaard (7) has been pronounced the first prose writer

(1) *Der Malayische Archipel. Land und Leute in Schilderungen gesammelt während eines dreissigjährigen Aufenthaltes in den Kolonien.* Von C. B. H. von Rosenberg. Abthe. 1, 2. Leipzig: Wiegand. London: Nutt.

(2) *Handelsgeschichte der Juden des Alterthums.* Aus den Quellen erforstet und zusammengestellt von Dr. L. Herzfeld. Braunschweig: Meyer. London: Nutt.

(3) *Die Vertretung der wirtschaftlichen Interessen in den Staaten Europas.* Von R. von Kauffmann. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(4) *Die Erhöhung der indirekten Steuern und ihr Einfluss auf das deutsche Erwerbsleben.* Von F. Goldschmidt. Berlin: Springer. London: Nutt.

(5) *Geschichte der Erwerbung der Krone Grossbritanniens von Seiten des Hauses Hannover.* Von A. F. H. Schaumann. Hannover: Kümpfer. London: Williams & Norgate.

(6) *Goethe und Charlotte von Stein.* Von Edmund Hoefer. Stuttgart: Krabb. London: Williams & Norgate.

(7) *Sören Kirkegaard. Ein literarisches Charakterbild.* Von Georg Brandes. Leipzig: Barth. London: Nutt.

of Denmark in point of style, and is undoubtedly entitled to the elegant tribute which Dr. Brandes has paid to his memory, and perhaps all the more so as it is likely to remain his sole passport to a European reputation. Kirkgaard, who was born in 1813 and died in 1855, was a writer exceedingly difficult to class. He has been compared to Pascal, and may perhaps be said to have occupied much the same position towards the recognized ethical creeds and literary forms of his country that Mr. Carlyle has assumed in England. In a series of books neither strictly belonging to the domain of philosophy nor of *belle-lettres* he propounded original ideas bearing on questions of morality and aesthetical criticism in a style which produced a great impression in Denmark, but which, if we may judge by Dr. Brandes's too scanty examples, will hardly bear transplantation to the soil of another literature. In their egotistical character, in their energy and incisiveness, and in their strong impress of individual self-culture, they frequently remind us of Hazlitt, another author of the highest merit who has found no audience out of his native country. He differs from Hazlitt, however, in his habitual pessimism and despondency, a peculiarity sufficiently explained by the circumstances of his parentage and education. The child of elderly parents, Kirkgaard seemed prematurely aged from his birth; his father's fanatical creed and eccentric nature aided in destroying all trace of the natural joyousness of youth; and his own singularities in apparel and demeanour tended, by the ridicule they excited, to estrange him further from his fellow-men. His life was further embittered by a very foolish quarrel with the *Corsair*, an influential satirical print; and his dissatisfaction with what, to one of his ascetic bent, appeared the unreality of Danish State religion, impelled him, towards the end of his life, into a vehement crusade against all religious forms. Thus at variance with all, he died obscure and neglected; but Dr. Brandes's substantial tribute to his memory after nearly a quarter of a century is a sufficient proof that he will not be forgotten by his countrymen, although foreigners must always take his merits upon trust.

A collection of Paul de Lagarde's political and religious writings in the vernacular (8) is a healthy and refreshing volume, though few may entirely assent to the writer's views, and his uncompromising language is likely to exasperate opponents who have not sufficient liberality to appreciate disinterestedness and manliness on the part of an antagonist. Herr de Lagarde is at once intensely patriotic and constitutionally aristocratic; his objects are those of German patriots everywhere, but he has little sympathy with the ideals or the methods of modern Liberalism. He carries, in fact, his disdain of mobs and chatter to an extent dangerous to liberty. As a candid and fearless man he abhors the modern Roman Catholic spirit, and his political foresight renders him extremely apprehensive of the consequences of coqueting with Russia. He craves a new and specifically German civilization, while advocating a system of political repression which would keep the country in the old grooves. The general impression of his writings is hence somewhat discouraging; all the more remarkable, therefore, is the inspiring effect of his nervous style, an example of the excellencies in which German prose is commonly most deficient. Some short poems interspersed prove that it has been within his power to achieve equal distinction as a poet.

Dr. Schaffle's "Encyclopædia of Polity" (9) is as characteristically German as Lagarde's writings are the reverse. It is very learned, but deficient in form and clear definition of purpose, and chiefly valuable for the copious references to authorities. Lagarde has hardly a single quotation.

The second part of Professor Teichmüller's "New Studies towards the History of Conceptions" (10) contains, as was to be expected, important contributions towards an acquaintance with Greek philosophy. The most important essays are one on the treatise on Diet falsely ascribed to Hippocrates, which, in opposition to Zeller's opinion, Herr Teichmüller holds to have been composed in the fifth century B.C., and to afford a valuable indication of the state of philosophic thought at the time, and on the theology of Heraclitus. Professor Teichmüller, who has been getting himself initiated into hieroglyphic lore under the auspices of Dr. Brugesch, considers that Heraclitus derived his ideas from the Egyptians—a most important conclusion, if it can be sustained.

A reprint of twelve essays on Shakspearian subjects contributed to the *Shakspeare-Jahrbuch* by Nicolaus Delius (11) will be most welcome to Shakspearian scholars. The most important, perhaps, is that on the Sonnets, in which, after an exhaustive review of the various hypotheses, the writer decides that these enigmatical poems contain no autobiographical element, or that at least any personal allusions they may have contained are irrecoverable. In his essays on *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*, Delius contends that Shakspeare founded both these plays on the works of earlier writers—in the case of *Timon*, adhering to his conception of the character of Timon, and rewriting almost every scene in which this leading personage appeared, leaving the rest nearly as he found it; in the case of *Pericles*, correcting and inserting throughout, wherever the play seemed to require revision. The opposite view of Shakspeare's unfinished work having been completed by an inferior

(8) *Deutsche Schriften*. Von Paul de Lagarde. Göttingen: Dieterich. London: Williams & Norgate.

(9) *Encyclopædie der Staatslehre*. Von Dr. A. Schaffle. Tübingen: Laupp. London: Williams & Norgate.

(10) *Neue Studien zur Geschichte der Begriffe*. Von Gustav Teichmüller. Hft. 2. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

(11) *Abhandlungen zu Shakspeare*. Von Nicolaus Delius. Elberfeld: Friderichs. London: Williams & Norgate.

playwright is ably contested; and Shakspeare's unknown predecessor is identified on apparently good grounds with George Wilkins, the acknowledged author of the novel of *Pericles*. Essays on Dryden's treatment of Shakspeare, on the prose and on the epic element in Shakspeare's plays, on the relation of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus* to Plutarch and of his *Hamlet* to the *Hoffmann* of George Chettle, are also exceedingly interesting, and composed in a most agreeable style. The collection is prefaced by a review of the additions made to the literature of the respective subjects since the original publications of the essays, in which the labours of Mr. Minto, Mr. Fleay, and Mr. Skeat are particularly noticed. Dr. J. P. Richter's account in the "Mosaics of Ravenna" (12) will provide serious students of those remarkable remains with an admirable handbook. Three distinct eras of execution are pointed out—the Latin period, comprehending the mosaics in the Catholic Baptistry and the mausoleum of Galla Placidia; the Gothic, in the Arian Baptistry and S. Apollinare Nuovo; and the Byzantine, in the remaining edifices. An interesting dissertation is appended in which attention is directed to the remarkable revival of architecture and mosaic decoration under the immediate impulse, as would appear, of Constantine and his successors, one of the most instructive examples of what an intelligent despotism is able and unable to effect for art.

Wasilewski's history of the instrumental music of the fifteenth century (13) is evidently a work of much research, and calculated to interest and assist the student of the development of music. The first part is devoted to an inquiry into the construction of the instruments of the period, which is followed by an investigation of the principles and methods of musical composition. An appendix gives delineations of the instruments, and numerous specimens of the music itself.

An anonymous writer has conceived the happy idea of filling 421 pages (14) of small type with the most dismal reflections in prose and verse upon the misery of human existence and the general unsatisfactoriness of the scheme of things. Many of his remarks are ingenious; but, as a whole, they fail to impress us, probably because the writer has not taken the precaution first to convince himself. The "Poems of an Idealist" (15) apparently enforce an opposite view of things; but we have experienced some difficulty in assuring ourselves of the fact, from the prosaic reason of the illegibility of the beautiful but most irritating type. Another equally elegant, but less ambitiously printed, volume, from the same press, Julius Hart's *Sansara* (16), shows many tokens of genuine poetical feeling. The activity of the writer's imagination and his width of cultivation are further proved by the great variety and general effectiveness of his themes; and hardly one of his pieces is entirely destitute of power, while at the same time scarcely one is entirely up to the mark. Even such moderate promise is not to be slighted in the present forlorn estate of the German Parnassus. Herr Siegert's tragedy, *Clytemnestra* (17), combines the plots of the *Agamemnon* and the *Choephorœ*, and hence violates the unity of action. It is nevertheless by no means a contemptible performance, though with much more affinity to Goethe than to *Æschylus*.

Theodor Fontane's "Before the Storm" (18) scarcely justifies the praise which it has received from the German press. It is well written, but all conversations and descriptions are spun out to too great a length, the personages come on and go off without apparent motive, and the general impression is one of tedium and unreality. Herr von der Düna's story from the Baltic provinces, and Herr von Stengel's professedly philosophical romance, have respectively too little either of special local colouring, or of philosophy, to take them out of the category of average circulating library novels.

The *Rundschau* (19) has the continuation of Dr. Brandes's essay on Lord Beaconsfield's youth, treating particularly of his travels in the East, and their influence upon his thoughts and style of composition. It may be thought that Dr. Brandes treats such compositions as *Alroy* too seriously; they must be admitted, however, to possess a psychological, if hardly a literary, interest. Professor Nöldeke's sketch of socialistic movements in the East would appear disappointingly slight if it were not explained that it is merely preliminary to a book on the remarkable communistic religion professed by the Persian Mazdak about the end of the fifth century. Professor Nöldeke seems hardly justified in classing the servile revolt of the Syrian Eunus as a socialistic movement. The continuation of the series of papers on the Crimean war is interesting, but treats principally of diplomatic and military episodes already amply

(12) *Die Mosaiken von Ravenna. Beitrag zu einer kritischen Geschichte der altchristlichen Malerei*. Von Dr. J. P. Richter. Wien: Braumüller. London: Nutt.

(13) *Geschichte der Instrumentalmusik im XV. Jahrhundert. Mit Abbildungen von Instrumenten und Musikbeilagen*. Von N. J. von Wasilewski. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Williams & Norgate.

(14) *Pessimisten-Brevier*. Von einem Geweihten. Berlin: Grießen. London: Nutt.

(15) *Weltpfingsten. Gedichte eines Idealisten*. Von Heinrich Hart. Bremen: Küthmann. London: Nutt.

(16) *Sansara. Ein Gedichtbuch*. Von Julius Hart. Bremen: Küthmann. London: Nutt.

(17) *Klytemnestra. Tragödie*. Von Georg Siegert. München: Merhoff. London: Nutt.

(18) *Von dem Sturm. Roman aus der Winter 1812 auf 13*. Von T. Fontane. 4 Bde. *Erbt und Erworben. Roman aus dem baltischen Leben*. Von Werner von der Duna. 3 Bde. *Pessimisten. Roman von F. von Stengel*. 3 Bde. Dulau & Co.

(19) *Deutsche Rundschau*. Herausgegeben von Julius Rodenberg. Jahrg. v. Hft. 5. Berlin: Paetel. London: Trübner.

detailed. Franz Dingelstedt, eminent as a novelist and dramatist, and now director of the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, begins what promises to be a very lively account of his experiences in the latter capacity at Munich. An article on the history of landscape-gardening is agreeably written, and exhibits considerable knowledge of the subject, notwithstanding the writer's strange assertion that no trees of the fir kind are to be found in the English parks.

WREN'S CHURCHES.—We are indebted to a correspondent for a correction of an error which occurred in our article of last week on this subject. It is unfortunately not the fact that the *Railway Bill* for destroying the church of St. Mary-at-Hill "has been abandoned for the present year." Our correspondent informs us that there have been before the public two schemes for completing "the Inner Circle." One is the "Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Bill," which, drawing its line of deviation through the centre of the church, has scheduled the church and churchyard. The other is the "City Union Railways Bill," which scheduled the rectory-house, but carried its line round the church. It is the latter Bill which has been abandoned. The former is still before Parliament, threatening with destruction one of the most precious architectural and historical possessions of London.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—"CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and "THE BRAZEN SERPENT" (2 vols. 25s. each), with "Dream of Pilate's Wife," "Christian Martyrs," &c., at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35 New Bond Street. Daily, Ten to Six. 1s.

ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY.—The ANNUAL MEETING will be held in the Old Town Hall, King Street, Manchester, on Monday, February 24, at Twelve noon.

Annual Subscription, 2s. Reports and List of Publications may be had from Heaton Moor, near Stockport.

J. H. NODAL, Honorary Secretary.

LONDON SOCIETY for the EXTENSION of UNIVERSITY TEACHING.—A PUBLIC MEETING will be held at the Mansion House, Wednesday, February 19, at Three P.M., the Right Hon. LORD MAYOR in the Chair. His Royal Highness Prince LEOPOLD, the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., the Right Hon. G. J. GOSCHÉ, M.P. (President of the Society), and others will address the Meeting.

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